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# The Shape of Things

TRIESTE REMAINS THE TOUGHEST NUT FOR the Peace Conference to crack; its shell was scarcely dented at the Foreign Ministers' meetings. But the difficulties of the problem are by no means insoluble. Now that the conferees have accepted internationalization of the disputed seaport as the only sensible course, the next step is to find an international machinery acceptable to the two blocs into which the Peace Conference has unfortunately divided. For the past few days there has been a good deal of quiet discussion in the corridors of the Luxembourg Palace of a formula which would place Trieste under the control of an international board headed by a representative of a country other than the Big Three and the nations directly concerned. There are not many people on the international scene today whose anti-fascist record and international outlook would meet with general approval, but there are a few. It is impossible to overestimate the tremendous service that would be rendered to the cause of peace by a rapid solution along these lines; in the midst of the present discouraging exhibition of mutual distrust and misunderstanding between the nations which won the war, this would be a first example of working internationalism. But the only chance of success for this Trieste plan lies in the creation of an anti-fascist administrative system with a clear-cut progressive program. Perhaps the solution is not so much the "internationalization" of Trieste but, as Pietro Nenni suggested the other day, its "inter-socialization," with the left forces in Italy and Yugoslavia giving the world a lesson in peaceful cooperation.

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BARTLEY C. CRUM BELIEVES HE HAS HIT ON the answer to a major political mystery: the paradox of America's official failure to further a Jewish homeland in Palestine even though every President since Wilson has proclaimed the principle, both major parties regularly include it in their platforms, and numerous resolutions in its support have been adopted in Congress without opposition. Mr. Crum, who was a member of the Anglo-American Committee on Palestine, blames the State Department and particularly its "gentlemen of the middle level," who have long been "captives of the British social lobby" in Washington. The solution may be over-simplified; we suspect that our oil concessions, dependent on the cooperation of shady feudal chiefs, are one important factor among others. But the indictment leveled by Crum is convincing and concrete enough to call for drastic investigation. Given access to the department's secret files in connection with his mission, Crum found that for every Presidential promise made on Palestine and for every Congressional resolution, the State Department, in confidential cables to Arab leaders, advised that "nothing would be done." He cites "secret communications between Ibn Saud, Farouk of Egypt, and the Husseinis of Jerusalem, and the Middle East desk of the State Department," headed by Loy Henderson, whose removal, he suggests, would be "salutary." Confidential cables from the White House to American members of the Palestine committee, he says, were delivered first to British Foreign Office officials, who opened them as a matter of course and undermined the committee's work at every turn. Evidence has been piling up for years showing the extent to which policy is influenced by these middle-level officials, in the Foreign Service and in the department itself. The country should welcome Senator Guffey's proposal for a full-dress investigation of this secret government-within-the-government.

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NINE NEGROES HAVE BEEN LYNCHED IN the last two months, in outbreaks of that inter-racial violence that is the most barbarous and shameful feature of American life. No one has been punished for these lynchings; it is not likely that anyone ever will be, if local authorities and local sentiment have their way. If local authorities won't act, the federal government must; but the improved civil-liberties laws that would enable it to act with real effectiveness have little chance to get through Congress, owing to the antiquated and unfortunate system that has put Southern reactionaries in control of most committees, and that gives a minority of Senators the power to block any legislation by filibustering. Senator Johnson has just resigned, in disgust at its inaction, from the special committee investigating campaign expenditures; two of its remaining members have been goaded into stating that they consider charges against Senator Bilbo extremely serious. It will be educational to see what they do about the charges. Men like Bilbo and Talmadge have done everything in their power

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to make Southerners feel that race violence is not only right but expedient; Bilbo has openly and repeatedly advocated that Negroes be kept from the polls by force or intimidation, and has just crowned his long, deplorable, incredible career by a spirited and heartfelt defense of the Ku Klux Klan: "The Klan has always stood for the American flag, constitutional government, and the American way of life." Senator Bilbo, at home, is a shrewd politician; his evident belief that his constituents will agree with his statement is more disquieting than the statement. But the most disquieting thing of all is the probability that this man will continue to represent—or should one say disgrace?—the American flag, constitutional government, and the American way of life.

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NEWS FROM CHINA IS NOW BEING CONVEYED by military communiques, and hope of peace has virtually come to an end. Unfortunately, the communiques are fully as partisan and misleading as the political dispatches which preceded the breakdown; Americans who want to know how the fighting is going will have to wait until the true picture seeps out through the iron-clad censorship. The censorship has also made it almost impossible to gain a clear understanding of the events which led to the collapse of negotiations and the outbreak of full-fledged civil war. On another page in this issue Agnes Smedley assigns chief responsibility for the breakdown to Chiang Kai-shek and his reactionary associates, but suggests that blame also rests on the American government and those financial interests which have backed Chiang against the genuinely democratic elements in China. Her general indictment of American policy is unquestionably justified, but it is important in the interests of clarity to distinguish between the sound democratic policies outlined in President Truman's directive to General Marshall and the less advertised but obviously more potent measures adopted by our military officials to prop up the Kuomintang armies in their struggle against the Communist forces. For the American army in China has obviously subverted the purposes announced by the President. It is probably too late to avert the tragic consequences of our conflicting policies, but it is not too late to pull American troops and marines out before they find themselves fighting in China's civil war—on the wrong side.

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PRIMARY DAY IN NEW YORK ADMITTEDLY brought no cheer to the left, but the ecstasy of the conservative press is pathetically out of proportion. Joseph Clark Baldwin and Augustus Bennet, two reasonably liberal Republicans—both repudiated by their party and running without campaign funds, organizational backing, or any kind of mass support—were defeated for renomination to Congress. That is the extent of the

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victory. From the editorial pages of the Scripps-Howard, Hearst, and other metropolitan papers the casual reader might conclude that the G. O. P. had gone much further and retired from public life such leftist luminaries as Vito Marcantonio and Adam Clayton Powell. Actually, all that happened was that those two gentlemen, deprived of a Republican nomination, will run in November on two tickets instead of three. As Democrats and American Labor Party nominees, both are almost certain to return to Congress. Their failure to go back as Republicans, far from depressing us, seems like a healthy, if unsought, release from a none too savory connection. The appallingly low vote in the New York primary is regarded by experienced observers as a failure of the machines: not enough canvassers rang enough doorbells. This failure, particularly marked on the left, was largely responsible for the Republican defeat of Marcantonio and Powell. Communists and their fellow-travellers, who can normally be counted on to perform this basic chore, are reliably said to have fallen down on the job this year—a sign of the weakness that has beset the party since the purging of Earl Browder. Here again the effect can be salutary if it induces labor candidates to organize such support in the trade unions instead of buying it, politically, from a party which, like the Republicans and Democrats, has its own fish to fry.

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IN THE DEATH OF DOROTHY J. BELLANCA, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union has lost a unique leader and the nation a devoted citizen. Mrs. Bellanca was only fifty-two years old. Yet her service as a union member, organizer, and vice-president had stretched over more than thirty years—all of them in the men's clothing trade, from which the Amalgamated grew. Under Sidney Hillman's remarkable leadership, she was one of that ardent and able band who started the union, extended it to encompass the entire industry, and won for it the respect of workers and management alike. A person of rare loveliness and fine mind, she was possessed by an unflagging and passionate concern for the sufferings of others. Without question she was the ablest woman organizer in the American labor movement. For many years Mrs. Bellanca had responded to those wider claims so often made on union leaders. She was an outstanding member of the Committee on Welfare of Women and Children of the Department of Labor, established when the New Deal was young. She was a White House appointee to the National Health Conference in 1938, which did so much to inspire subsequent work in this field. She was a member of the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment during the depths of the depression. She was a leader of the Governor's committee against employment discrimination in New York State. Her life was shorter than it should have been, but it was filled with distinguished work and was rich in compensations. One recalls the words of Heine: "Place on my grave a wreath and in my hands a sword. For I have been a soldier in the great Liberation War of Humanity." Mrs. Bellanca was such a soldier.

# *The Price Compromise*

IF ANYONE is fully pleased by the curious compromise agreed upon by the Price Decontrol Board, the press has neglected to report its existence. Compromise is inevitable in politics, and it is often possible to reach a middle-ground decision reasonably satisfactory to all parties in a controversy. But the Decontrol Board's efforts represent a straddle that is rightly condemned by both friends and foes of price control.

Restoration of price limits on meat had been anticipated, despite the protests of the packing interests, because of the runaway prices on most meat products in recent weeks. If there was to be any stabilization at all, it was obvious that meat, which accounts for a large proportion of the average family's food budget, had to be brought under control. But dairy products—milk, butter, and cheese—also constitute a big part of the average family's food; and, despite the official reasoning cited in Tris Coffin's article on page 229, it is difficult to understand the board's decision to exempt these items from control. In many areas the increase in milk prices had exceeded the June 30 ceiling plus the subsidy and in some instances has reached unreasonable levels.

Even if the increase were no greater than the two-to-three-cents-a-quart rise made necessary by the suspension of the subsidy, it would seem imperative to restore that subsidy. Otherwise, millions of children in low-income families face curtailed consumption of this irreplacable food. The only plausible explanation of the board's action is political rather than economic. It apparently decided to throw some sop to the opponents of price stabilization, and the lifting of controls on milk and grains seemed less dangerous than similar action would have been with meat.

Whether or not the compromise can be made to work is another matter. Explosive inflationary pressures have been generated by recent price and wage increases. These will naturally be exerted most strongly on the uncontrolled sectors of the national economy. Milk and grain prices may be forced far beyond their present levels. Confronted by a big increase in the cost of these necessities, together with the never-ending price increases authorized by the OPA, organized labor would have no choice but to demand wage rises beyond the 18½-cent advance incorporated in the national stabilization program. As President Roosevelt pointed out during the war, the only way to stop the insidious advance of prices is to stop it simultaneously everywhere. The decision of the Price Decontrol Board has left a vital sector of the price front undefended. The gap can still be closed if

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the board carries out its promise to watch prices closely and restore controls as soon as further increases occur; but its behavior so far is not such as to make us expect great energy or courage in the future.

# *Roots of Suspicion*

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE Yugoslav-American crisis subsided when the State Department announced that its demands had been met with the release of the nine men held after the shooting down of the army transport plane on August 9. But the issues involved in the incident have not been resolved. The attacks by Yugoslav flyers on unarmed planes will hardly be repeated; Marshal Tito has in fact ordered that they be stopped. They were not, however, isolated outrages designed to test out the limits of American forebearance, although this is the interpretation offered by most of the editorial writers. The whole context of events suggests that they reflected a more serious and complicated situation.

From the moment the victorious Yugoslav forces were induced to abandon Trieste and the western littoral of Istria, and the area was put under Allied—meaning Anglo-American—control, a state of semi-war has been in effect. For the Yugoslavs look upon the Morgan Line as a British invention which infringes upon their inalienable rights, and regard the crack British-American troops guarding the line not as liberators, still less as allies, but as an occupying army. Border incidents, ambushings, free-for-all fights have become the common expression of this hardening enmity.

Tito says that American army planes have been making frequent reconnaissance flights over Yugoslav territory. The State Department denies it. Probably an impartial inquiry would be required to get at the facts, and this is not likely unless the United States government lays the dispute before the Security Council. But it would be wise, in the absence of such an inquiry, to withhold judgment on this particular point. Even if Tito is telling the truth, the behavior he complains of would explain rather than excuse an attack on a plane obviously unarmed and carrying passengers. What his explanation does is to highlight a background of tension and hostility far more serious in the long run than any single act of violence, however unjustified.

It is this background which explains the dismal stalemate at Paris, and the mood of despair and even of hysteria which has swept the Western world in the past few weeks. If war were made by headlines, by prophecies, by a fierce concentration on the probability of war, the bombs would begin to drop before dawn tomorrow. Fortunately the men who must make the fatal decisions do not want war—not now at any rate. Or, more accurately, they do not want another military war if they can establish their ends by political pressures and maneuvers.

In three articles Mr. Del Vayo has provided a clear description of the suspicions that dominate Russian strategy in this continuing political struggle. Most Americans will sharply challenge Soviet assumptions about the intentions of the West. As a nation we consider ourselves innocent of any aims that could interfere with the legitimate interests of other nations. And it is a fact, I believe, that neither our government nor the people as a whole want war or harbor any direct aggressive designs. But in this world of revolutionary conflict, innocence is not a defense. It may, in fact, prove a rather menacing trait. It enables us to do, or connive in the doing of, an astonishing variety of provocative acts with an air of total complacency. It enables us to be shocked by the conduct of our opponents without ever imagining that we may be arousing similar emotions in them.

Just as an obvious and even pressing example, let us take our policy on the atomic bomb. Having perfected, manufactured, and used this instrument of extermination, we proceeded, after an interval of many months, to develop a plan for the international control of atomic power. The preparation of the plan was the work of a group of honest, disinterested experts. The plan itself, although open to serious criticism at several points, does in fact offer the organized world a chance to control a power this country now wields alone without challenge. Nothing has more startled American opinion than Russia's bland dismissal of our proposal. How can it be explained even in Russia's own interests? Naturally, the easy explanation, in the present temper of the country, is that the Soviet Union opposes any system of control because it expects to develop atomic weapons soon itself and wants no inspectors snooping about its plants and laboratories.

I suspect this is a superficial analysis of the Russian attitude; it ignores, because we cannot really believe in, Russian suspicions. For a year after the United States dropped two A-bombs on Japanese cities, our army and navy went on improving and manufacturing these weapons. For a year they went on experimenting with new methods of atomic attack, new forms of propulsion. They conducted two noisily-exploited trial bombings over Bikini. They did their best to keep the domestic control of atomic development in military hands. And, meanwhile, a number of high military men openly advocated that the bomb be used on our Soviet ally, before our Soviet ally should get to the point where it could use it on us. This was not, certainly, the view of the government, but it seemed to gain ground, especially in the jingo press.

Then came the plan, and the plan provided that all the fissionable material in the world be put under the control of a new international atomic-energy board which was to be created, and that when all the chips were in, and all the machinery assembled, and all the rules made, the United States would decide whether the set-up was satisfactory to it. If so, it would surrender

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the knowledge and the bombs. If not—that question wasn't answered. But the Soviet Union, if I gauge its suspicions correctly, was not prepared to accept a plan which depended ultimately on the simple yes or no of a power which had not acted in a way calculated to allay those suspicions.

One can argue, as I would argue, that the sensible procedure for Mr. Gromyko would have been to call for amendments of the American plan rather than propose as a substitute one which makes no sense at all in a world of mutual insecurity. It is likely that his demand for the immediate destruction and outlawing of the bomb was not in fact a serious proposal, but was intended to dramatize the existing international situation—like Litvinov's famous proposal, at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, of total, universal, and immediate disarmament.

This is just an example, but an important one, of the gulf of misunderstanding that opens when American innocence collides with Soviet suspicion. Perhaps the best course Americans can pursue in this period of political struggle is to examine dispassionately—instead of rejecting indignantly—the reasons the Russians give for doubting our good intentions.

Mr. Del Vayo's article on Germany provides much specific material for such an examination. So does Mr. Vallance's letter on the Paris conference. But the most substantial food for self-analysis I have come across in recent weeks was the official report of General McNarney on Russia's policy in Germany, published on October 16 in Berlin. The whole report was an expansion of a single charge: that the Soviet Union was deliberately attacking private enterprise and moving toward socialism in its zone. In the General's own words, this implied "establishment of a Socialist state with a classless society following the destruction of the capitalist system." One can understand how painful such discoveries must be to a General brought up in the dominant American faith. But I would like to suggest that a report like his is enough to prove the incapacity of the American army to carry on any political or economic functions in any European country. It is not only evident that the attitude he reveals is bound to produce antagonism among the Russians, justifying in their eyes every fanciful charge against the American government; it is also clear that McNarneyism, like the policy of the Colonel Blimps referred to by Mr. Del Vayo, will drive into Russia's arms the only elements in post-Hitler Germany we can safely do business with, and will open the way for a recrudescence of Nazi hopes and activities. What this means in terms of the prospect of peace hardly needs to be emphasized.

# *The Work of the Decontrol Board*

BY TRIS COFFIN

*Washington, August 24*

FROM quiet first-floor offices in the Federal Reserve Building, the members of the Price Decontrol Board are anxiously watching the reaction to a decision they made after exhausting days of hearings and study.

These three men—Roy Thompson, the big, friendly chairman; Daniel W. Bell, whose punctilious, exact mind searched out the answers in the four days of hearings; and George Mead, the midwestern manufacturer—staked their reputation on this decision. They ruled that price ceilings and subsidies should be restored to meat; that flax, cottonseed oil, and soybeans should go back under controls; and that most grains and dairy products should not be placed under price ceilings.

The mail is beginning to pour into their offices—cheers and angry criticism from consumers and producers alike, with the cheers holding a slim majority. The most cheering letter was one which reads: "Your board will receive brickbats and bouquets. This note is from an American family which feels your board tackled an onerous task with forthright courage and made its decision with clear conscience."

The ruling came as a surprise to Washington, for it disregarded the heaviest pressures. The meat and cottonseed oil interests have potent political backing from Southern and Western Congressmen, and in the hearings the livestock men bluntly threatened to withhold meat if controls were restored.

In failing to put price ceilings on dairy products, the board went against the recommendations of both the OPA and the Department of Agriculture in one of the few cases where these two agencies have agreed on anything. An easier finding was that on grain; all the figures the board could collect showed that supplies will be sufficient when the crops are harvested and that prices are tending to level off toward the old ceilings.

In his radio talk Thompson explained the action on fats and oils. "Nearly everyone agreed that was what needed to be done—industry, consumers, and government. Price rises since June 30 were outrageous in many cases. An adequate supply of fats and oils is nowhere in sight. This country is unfortunately having to halt all exports of fats and oils after the end of the year."

*TRIS COFFIN is a Columbia Broadcasting System commentator. He writes a weekly Washington report for* The Nation.

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The toughest and most perplexing problem was dairy products. Consumer groups made their strongest pleas to put price ceilings on milk. The arguments were both statistical and emotional.

The board was limited by Congress: before it could restore controls, it had to find that prices have risen unreasonably, that supplies are short, and that controls would be workable. The three men could not satisfy themselves that prices had shot up unreasonably. The final decision was motivated by two factors—first, that for the country as a whole milk had risen one cent a quart, plus the two-cent subsidy which was withdrawn; and second, that the dairy industry had made an effort to hold prices and was considered deserving of an opportunity to discipline itself. Economists in both the OPA and Department of Agriculture, however, are frankly pessimistic. They believe that milk will become short in the winter months and that prices will go up further. Moreover, Thompson in his radio talk did not close the case of dairy products. He said, and I am told the board means it: "If dairy products move upward from here on out, this board can and will put the industry back under control." The work of the board is not finished. It will be watching supply and demand of farm products continually until the price control act expires.

At the other end of Washington, in an old barn-like building down by the railroad tracks, the OPA is organizing for its greatest test—the success or failure of meat ceilings will determine the future of price control. The opposition has moved fast. The American Meat Institute is screaming "black market" at the top of its lungs. The *Wall Street Journal* reflected the sullen mood of the industry in a page-one story on August 22, a roundup of opinion from livestock men, packers, and butchers. The article wound up with a nasty crack: "Former black-market operators didn't say anything yesterday. They just grinned."

When Paul Porter, the tall, good-natured OPA administrator, held his press conference this week, he was frankly cautious. A reporter asked him, "What can you say about rolling meat prices back to the June 30 levels?"

"I think we ought to be pretty realistic about it," Porter replied. "We are going to have a pretty bad September. I have always tried to stay at or near June 30 levels. We will do the best we can—subject, of course, to the concurrence of the Department of Agriculture." He promised to "throw the book at the black marketeers," and added: "I think probably for the first time we have some basis for confidence. We have enough manpower to make a full-scale attack on the black market. [*Note*: The enforcement staff has been doubled.] Obviously, we are not going to succeed one hundred per cent, but I don't think there is any reason to believe we will see large-scale black-market operations."

A correspondent asked, "How seriously do you take the packers' warnings that farmers will stop producing and hold back livestock?"

He replied thoughtfully, "I think we have heard those threats many times before. I am hoping that the packing industry will devote as much energy to making controls work as they did in trying to get rid of them."

Porter realizes that the OPA is going to be blamed for an inevitable meat shortage in September, and he is not happy about it. Every forecast indicates the livestock growers will keep their cattle on the range during September and not sell them. The grass is good during September and the cattlemen can fatten their products and watch with satisfaction the howls from a meatless public. The American Meat Institute can say, "We told you so," and haul up the old bugaboo of the black market. Cattle are expected to come into the packing houses at a rapid rate in October, and then slow down during the first quarter in 1947, leading to a meat famine in the second quarter. During the war the lowest level of supply was 115 pounds of meat per capita per year, which meant 65 pounds dressed in the stores. The current figure is 135 pounds.

The board's decision on meat has been followed by a confusion that tends on the surface to support the industry's propaganda line. Wholesalers have stopped buying meat from the packers at uncontrolled high prices, but their ice boxes are still loaded with high-priced meat they can't unload; the retailers don't want to be stuck with high-priced meat either. So the counters have pretty slim pickings at present. The wholesalers are crying bloody murder and demanding that OPA give them more time to unload. They claim that they need thirty days to get rid of their high-priced meat before controls are put back on.

The OPA has a double-barrelled job on meat—it must keep a close watch all along the line to see that meat is not diverted to the black market, and it must educate consumers not to buy above ceilings. The OPA people profoundly hope that the consumer groups, which did such a good job of lobbying and testifying, will work with equal vigor in organizing housewife support for the meat program.

Paul Porter has another worry in the back of his mind: he is afraid that milk prices will go up, and that he will be faced with the almost impossible job of dragging them back down again. He told his press conference: "I would be less than candid if I did not say I was disappointed that the board did not recontrol fluid milk and dairy products. I expect we will be in trouble in dairy products, certainly, this fall. It's a lot more difficult to catch the horse after he has gotten out of the barn, particularly when he is allowed to run a month or two. But we'll probably have to try and lasso him and bring him back."

The battle of prices is not over. It is just moving into a new and perhaps more complicated stage.

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# How to Elect a Progressive Congress

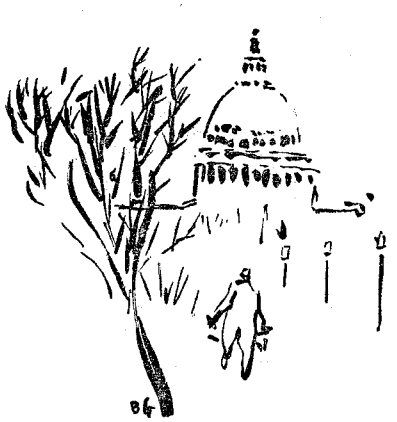
BY HENRY A. WALLACE

IT IS an appalling historical fact that the votes of a few Representatives and Senators meant the difference between adequate and inadequate preparation for the war against Germany and Japan—between victory and defeat. The draft law, for instance, was extended shortly before Pearl Harbor by only one vote in the United States House of Representatives. It is also true that the kind of Senators and Congressmen we elect this November will largely determine whether we meet the challenge of the peace at home and abroad.

Too many people, I have found, seem to believe that too many other people become weary of well-doing. They point to the fact that Woodrow Wilson found it impossible to awaken the people of this country to the necessity for a League of Nations after World War I. They remind us that President Wilson, who gave his life to winning the peace after he had worn himself out in leading us through a successful war, was succeeded by President Harding, who beguiled the people with the sop of "normalcy." But I am convinced that the people of the United States are not asleep in 1946. The lesson of 1920 taught us that we cannot afford to lose interest even for a moment in political action—and from personal association with numbers of veterans, I firmly believe that the eleven million young men and women who served in the armed forces are exceedingly aware of both the dangers and opportunities before us as a nation and as a people.

I have more than faith to back up my belief that we can elect a progressive Congress in November of 1946. In California, for example, such progressive Democratic Congressmen as George Outland, Chet Holifield, Jerry Voorhis, and Helen Douglas ran better in the primaries this year than they did two years ago. In the Democratic Senatorial primaries, George Donart of Idaho, Lief Erickson of Montana, and John Sparkman of Alabama —all progressive—were victorious and will be elected to the United States Senate.

Then let us see how progressive Republican Senators and Congressmen fared in the primaries. Bob LaFollette in Wisconsin, Charles LaFollette in Indiana, and Joseph Clark Baldwin and Augustus Bennet in New York—all good progressive public servants—were defeated by the forces of Republican reaction. The warning is unmistakeable: if we are to have a progressive Congress this fall, it can not be a Republican Congress.



The rejuvenated Democrats in Wisconsin would have welcomed "Young Bob" after he had liquidated the Progressive Party—but he chose instead to return to the Republican Party, which stood for everything against which the LaFollettes had always fought. But the Republicans of Wisconsin spurned this able public servant whose sin, to them, was that he treated laboring men like other human beings. On the same day that the Republicans turned thumbs down on LaFollette, the Democrats of Wisconsin nominated Howard McMurray for the United States Senate. An able progressive, McMurray was one of Franklin Roosevelt's staunchest supporters while he was in Congress, and I am certain that, if elected, he will be an outstanding Senator.

Men of the type of Charles LaFollette are badly needed in Congress—but the Republicans of Indiana sternly rebuked him when he challenged the conservative leadership of his party and sought the senatorial nomination in the party convention. The trend of reaction in Republican primaries was especially emphasized in New York City by the defeat of Joe Baldwin, who time and again deserted the retrogressive Republican leadership to vote for administration-sponsored progressive legislation.

The issues, therefore, between Republican and Democratic candidates are now much clearer—because most Republican nominees are all out against the people's progress, while the great majority of the Democrats who were nominated in contested primary elections continue to stand by the Roosevelt New Deal. Both parties, as a result, have tightened their lines; and we are nearing the happy time when we can have some assurance that if we elect a candidate of one party we will have a vote in Congress for conservatism, and if we elect a candidate of the other we will just as surely have a vote in Congress for progressivism. There is still much work to be done in the South, as elsewhere—but we are well on our way.

I have always contended, and the votes in Congress prove, that on most issues involving the general welfare the majority of Democrats vote right and the majority of Republicans vote wrong. It is equally true that in most primary elections progressive Democrats win and progressive Republicans lose. It is my sincere belief that there is no place in the Republican Party organization nationally for a progressive Republican. Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, will

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learn the hard way—as did George Norris, Wendell Willkie, Bob LaFollette, and I and my father before me—that the Republican Party will only break the hearts of those who conscientiously seek to use it as a medium of progress.

The Congress which will be elected this November will have the task of making the Employment Act of 1946 mean something in terms of continued jobs and economic stability. Therefore, it is highly important to elect Congressmen and Senators who sincerely believe that continuous full employment and full production should be our national objective.

We cannot have continuous full employment—even with a full employment act—if a majority of our representatives in Congress are committed to the reactionary doctrine that a soft labor market is desirable. In housing, health, education, and social security for all, just as in protecting the gains of labor, we need Representatives and Senators who think in terms of the national interest and not in the interest of selfish groups. In the shaping of our foreign policy, we must have Representatives and Senators who will recognize and avoid every step which leads to the much-mongered World War III. We must make "On the Alert" a watchword for peace as well as war.

Our most immediate danger is a light vote in November. But if the voters of the United States will go to the polls forty-five million strong on Election Day, I feel certain that we shall have a progressive Congress prepared and able to win the peace.

# *Intermezzo in Berlin*

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

*Paris, August 20*

TO HOP from Moscow to the Hotel Savoy in Berlin is to live in two different ages within the space of six hours; that is how long the regular daily flight takes, in comfortable American-type planes built by the Russians.

Flying low, with a single stop at Kaliningrad (the pre-war Koenigsberg), I looked out on the rich farmlands of once-great junker estates that had formed the underpinning of Prussian hegemony over Germany, now split up by a very rapid and radical agrarian reform. Here, as everywhere in the Russian zone, the Germans are working hard both in the fields and the factories; they have little free time or energy left to play at werewolf or to plot the coming of the Fourth Reich.

Pausing only long enough to leave my luggage at the hotel, I hurried out into the ruins of Berlin, a city where I once lived for seven years, in search of familiar landmarks: the house on Kleiststrasse where my elder son was born; the house on Nettelbeckstrasse where one of my best friends had lived—the painter Herstein, whose whole family was wiped out in the war; the building on Potsdammerbrücke where I had my office when I was the Berlin correspondent for *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires and where, even in 1924, I had a rough-and-tumble visit from a gang of young hoodlums because of some articles I had written on the growing Hitler movement.

*THIS ACCOUNT of life in occupied Berlin by* The Nation's *European Editor replaces his report on Russia's new Five Year Plan, originally announced for this week, which will appear in an early issue.*

The street signs were still there, but of the houses only a wall or two stood, and their facades were smashed beyond recognition. Rubble is still piled high everywhere: I could not help thinking that there must be hundreds of cadavers buried in the ruins; it is amazing that no serious epidemic has broken out to aggravate the city's physical problems. No photographs or newsreels can give a convincing idea of the extent of destruction. The city was smashed not so much by American and British air raids as by Russian heavy guns; the battle for Berlin was undoubtedly the greatest artillery battle of any war.

After wandering about the city on foot for several hours, I returned to the hotel completely exhausted. The sight of the dining room quickly revived me. One of the most illuminating stories of the post-war is to be found in this hotel which flaunts its impressive comforts before a fallen city. The Savoy is certainly the best of the hotels requisitioned by the Allied missions in Berlin; the English know how to install themselves—hot running water at all hours, a plain but well-cooked mess, and a wine cellar that proved a constant temptation to one who is a teetotaler only on doctor's orders. There you can drink French wines, confiscated by the Nazis, that are hard to find today in Paris. A few civilians are received as transients, and glancing back a few days on the register I recognized the beautiful diminutive handwriting of Harold Laski. But the hotel is mainly for the use of officers of the British occupation army. I watched them pass in their impeccable uniforms, red braid, and decorations bright against the khaki, looking as if they had stepped out of some old print of Cecil Rhodes's England, with the self-assured air of men

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convinced that their Empire is indestructible. Their every gesture revealed ties, hereditary or imagined, with England's ruling class.

In Berlin the British are favorites among the "better" Germans. Despite the ruins there is a distinctive note of elegance throughout their zone. The people wear better shoes than in the other zones; the store windows have little to show, but the quality of the merchandise is far superior to that seen elsewhere in the city. This was always true of the Kurfürstendamm, but the streets in the Russian zone in the neighborhood around the Unter den Linden, formerly the center for luxury shops, now house German workers as do all the old fashionable districts under Russian control. The American zone along the Grünewald is another matter. Here a striking note is provided by dozens of American girls in uniform or civilian clothes who completely overshadow the Germans and their wives. Grünewald spells laughter and jokes and stunning feminine figures such as one sees nowhere else in Central Europe today.

In the British sector the Germans feel more secure and happy—at least that class of Germans among whom Hitler found his greatest support. Of course the English officers, in the Hotel Savoy and outside it, are as distant and unapproachable as they are in their own country, but the Germans get a sense of protection from their correctness and perhaps even more from the anti-Russian attitude they attribute to the British. Germans respond to this gentlemanly behavior with unpleasant servility. In the other zones business is transacted curtly in German. When I went into a bookstore in the British zone, however, the proprietor greeted me most obsequiously in English; I answered him in German. And I paid for my purchase with marks instead of cigarettes which are the preferred medium of exchange. According to my calculations, with five cartons of cigarettes one can live for a month at the Hotel Savoy, drink the best Rhine and imported French wines, go to the theater and night clubs every evening with one of the hundreds of girls who can be seen strolling before the mutilated walls of what used to be the Gedächtniskirche—the church of rich marriages—as far as Fassanenstrasse. The temptation to soldiers of the occupation armies to save their pay and live on sales of cigarettes and chocolates is a story that has been told many times. Just a month ago a journalist and former British officer named Blore wrote a sensational report for the London *Daily Mirror* exposing the high living and consequent demoralization in the British zone.

Naturally I was much more interested in the political story and was fortunate enough to meet three men, two of them Germans, the other a foreign official, who were able to give me detailed information, not only about the capital, but about the four occupational sectors. None of them could be classified as pro-Russian or anti-American or anti-British. They confirmed my own impression that lack of agreement among the occupying powers has made Germany the most critical and complicated problem of all Europe. Whether on the agenda or not, it casts its shadow over every international meeting. There is now a strong move on foot here in Paris, backed not only by the French, to have the Big Four discuss the German issue simultaneously with the peace treaties.

Except in the Russian zone, the German people are obsessed by a single idea—"to wait for the break." They work only the necessary minimum to deceive the occupation officials or get their daily rations. The one topic of political discussion among the population of the American and British zones is when the break between the Russians and the Anglo-Saxons will occur. Phrases like "They [the Anglo-Saxons, of course] will surely ask us to join them" or "We shall have planes again" are heard in all their conversations. And this grim hope is shared by fanatic nationalists and "reasonable" people alike. Some believe that the break may come before the end of this year; others think that it will not happen for another year or two. But all are hoping. An old German acquaintance of mine, who is reorganizing the Socialist Party in the British sector, happened to be in Berlin when I arrived; he said to me, *"Mein lieber Vayo, erinneren Sie sich das Kapp Putsch? Es ist daselbe jetzt; wir sind wie am Vorabend des Kapp Putsches."* ("My dear Vayo, do you remember the Kapp Putsch? Well, it's just like that now; it's as if we were on the eve of another Kapp Putsch.")

The split in the victorious coalition just a year after the end of the war is especially regrettable in so far as Germany is concerned. For a hundred reasons it should never have been allowed to develop in this country where still-powerful Nazi forces have only one chance for revival: the absence of a coordinated occupation program. But even the policy of checking Russia in Germany is filled with contradictions, and its promoters can expect no success if they continue along the path they have followed until now. In order to stop the Russians, the Americans and British must, first of all, strengthen democracy in their respective zones. And for that they would have to support the Socialists and help them get organized.

The Western occupation authorities have done just the opposite. Schumacher, the Socialist leader who six months ago seemed to be in high favor with the Anglo-American officials, has now been practically dropped and is in despair. The few Labor army officers sent in by the Attlee government have little or nothing to say about administration. Colonel Blimp commands here—I saw dozens of him in the Hotel Savoy. And to a Colonel Blimp the Schumachers are not "good Germans." Recently anti-fascist circles in Berlin were stunned by news that the British had authorized a new

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party, the "Conservative Movement," in their zone. The names of its leaders are enough to raise the hair of anyone who knows Germany: Hugenberg, Wulle, and Count Westarp. Hugenberg, president of the Krupp cartel until 1918, was the real force behind the notorious "Stalhelm," the paramilitary anti-labor organization which was incorporated into the S. S. in 1934. It would be unfair and false to pretend that what is happening in the British zone pleases the Labor Government. I have seen confidential notes from London asking the occupation authorities to act in a different way toward the Socialists and other democratic forces there. But Colonel Blimp, while giving lip service to democracy, allies himself with Hugenber, demonstrating again the error in allowing the army to control occupation policy.

It is all very well—indeed, an easy trick—to impress world democratic opinion with figures on denazification. Taken as a whole, by people who know very little about Nazi methods of organization, they sound terribly convincing. "Denazification by hundreds of thousands"—what an encouraging headline! But the purge has affected only the small fry and a few top Nazi officials without touching most of the important and potentially dangerous leaders. A typical example of this is to be found in the city of K. Its administrative apparatus consisted of some 200 functionaries; 150 of them have been fired. What more could one ask? But among the 50 who remain are the city's 20 ranking Nazis. As a result, there has been no real change in the administration. The English authorities have forbidden the functionaries, among whom are many Socialists, to organize a union there. An anti-labor law which the Conservatives adopted in Britain after the general strike of 1927 was invoked by the local Colonel Blimp to prevent the reconstitution of a union that might have exercised effective control over Nazis still holding government posts.

In the Russian zone denazification proceeds quite differently. Taking a similar group of 200 Nazis, the Soviet authorities will spare the 150 small fry and root out the leaders. Indeed, the Russians have begun to "rehabilitate" some of the small fry. In the *Sachsischen Zeitung*, published in their zone, I saw a picture of a former Nazi who had "rehabilitated" himself by putting in twenty Sundays of overtime on the reconstruction of a bridge.

Generally speaking, in order to win the favor of the American and British authorities, a German must be in good standing with the church. Politically, the party in ascendancy today is the C. D. U. (Christliche Demokratische Union), the counterpart of the French M. R. P. German anti-fascists have humorously dubbed it the "Club der Untergeschlupften"—the club of chicks nestling under the wing of the mother church. The Germans must support this party if they want to eat, for the hierachy controls in large measure the distribution of food packages from abroad. During the months of May and June, Socialists living in areas where they comprise 80 per cent of the population received only 20 percent of the food packages; the remainder were distributed among the 20 per cent who belong to the Catholic party. That is why German anti-fascists have a saying to the effect that "Catholic food packages from the U. S. A. and Protestant herring from Sweden determine German politics." It is easy to imagine the political effect on the workers and still easier to understand why the Catholic party is growing rapidly.

I am not suggesting that everything is perfect in the Russian zone. Certainly there are many things that can be criticized. For instance, army excesses in the first days of the occupation started a wholesale exodus of Germans into the other sectors; I am told, however, that the soldiers have been ruthlessly disciplined and the situation has improved considerably since the first of the year. What can be said without hesitation is that in the Russion zone one does not find the constant contradictions between theory and practice, between what was promised and what is being accomplished, that characterize the American and British administrations. The foreign expert with whom I talked described the contrast in these words: "In the Russian sector, the Germans say, 'The Russians are not as bad as we thought they would be'; in the Western sectors, they say 'The English and Americans are worse than we expected.' " Recently the Western occupation authorities have begun to complain that large quantities of propaganda literature and newsprint for papers are being smuggled into the other zones by the Russians. They would not need to fear this propaganda if the situation in their zones did not create an audience ready to absorb it. If the big powers fail to achieve a coordinated policy in Germany within the next year or two, nothing can prevent the Russian zone, planned along socialist lines, with its German population working hard yet feeling compensated politically and socially, from extending its attraction and influence to zones dominated by cartels and reaction.

But there is a broader danger that threatens the entire world—that out of this disunity and continuing inter-allied war on German soil, a new, aggressive Germany may emerge. The mistake so frequently made in discussions of a possible Nazi revival is the notion that this depends upon the complete revival of Germany as a nation. The foreigner who sees Berlin in ruins and the rest of the country devastated and largely idle is apt to say, "All this talk of a German come-back is poppycock. Why, it would take twenty years to rebuild Berlin alone." But a Nazi revival does not call for *Reichskanzlei* and a headquarters in Nürnberg restored to the splendor of Hitler's time. It requires only that the Nazi part of Germany become the potential ally of a Western bloc in a general drive to stop the Russians; at that moment the fascist movement will rise again with renewed

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force, just as Hitler predicted in intimate farewell talks with close followers during the last days of the Battle of Berlin.

I am convinced that agreement on German policy between Russia, Great Britain, the United States, and France is still possible within the framework of a broad agreement on foreign policy. But such an accord depends not only on the Russians; the Anglo-Saxons will have to make a greater effort than their Eastern ally. I cannot imagine the Russians accepting for all Germany the policy now prevailing in the American and British zones, a policy which is moving not in a socialist direction but toward the reestablishment of the cartels, the power of the Catholic church, and Nazi-reactionary control of industry and government. Under such conditions, no agreement can be expected.

# *Four-Part Dissonance in Paris*

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

*London, August 23*

THE Paris Congress doesn't dance. It listens—an uneasily-seated audience—to inharmonious symphonic variations on a single theme: big-power mutual apprehensions. Impregnating the whole protracted procedural debate, wherein the Russians, rightly or wrongly, sensed an Anglo-American plot to utilize the simple majority recommendations as an excuse for repudiating all the points favorable to the Soviet Union agreed on by the four Foreign Ministers, this atmosphere is now poisoning the initial discussions on questions of substance. Observers seriously question the probability of success for the conference whose work (supposedly peace-making) is distorted by considerations relevant only to a third world war.

The conference's psychological divorce from principles of political justice, economic common sense, and human welfare, is strikingly illustrated in the Italy and Trieste issues. Irrespective of the debatable merits of the case eloquently argued by de Gasperi, that treaty imposes harsh burdens on the Italian people. Notwithstanding the worthwhile contribution to the victory of the anti-fascist partisans, Kardelj and Molotov replied antagonistically because it is no secret that Byrnes, who warmly shook hands with de Gasperi when he resumed his seat, is working jointly with Bevin to create an anti-Slav Catholic bloc embracing Italy, West Austria, and Bavaria. In this connection, the arrival in Paris last week of Myron Taylor is regarded as a significant move directed toward securing French Catholic support for this long-planned Foreign Office scheme. Molotov's denunciation of "the economic enslavement of Italy by the Western powers who claim a Mediterranean monopoly" was a logical counter-move aimed at rallying the opposition of working-class anti-clerical Italians against an Anglo-American *cordon sanitaire* blessed by the Vatican and based on a satellite Rome-Vienna-Munich axis. The effect on the common people of Italy and Austria and Germany was totally overlooked in this maneuvering.

Similarly, the deep disagreements in the Trieste commission reflect no genuine Anglo-American concern for the ethnic rights of Istria or the welfare of Trieste workers but simply fear that the Slav bloc intends to absorb Trieste and dominate the Adriatic by circumventing the Foreign Ministers' decision that the free territory of Trieste should have a democratic constitution under a governor answerable to the Security Council. The Russian draft of the Trieste statute proposes a legislative assembly elected by universal suffrage of all present and future citizens, including Yugoslav immigrants whose entry would be unrestricted. The governor would have limited powers enabling him to delay and, in the last resort, refer to the Security Council legislation of which he disapproved; but he could only veto absolutely acts of the assembly "in violation of the statute." A customs union with Yugoslavia is also proposed.

This interpretation of the principles of a democratic constitution is highly distasteful to the British, who foresee a governor impotent to overrule a Trieste legislature swamped by a Yugoslav majority. Hence the British draft gives the governor the absolute right to veto *all* legislation and invests him with overriding "emergency reserve powers." In the British view a customs union is also inadvisable, and only citizens now residents of Trieste should be eligible to vote. The American standpoint is similar to the British, the chief modification being that the American draft empowers the governor to overrule all laws involving the risk of a breach of good order, which in effect means a blanket veto.

It is difficult to see how the conference, in its present ganging-up mood, will bridge these differences. Molotov will criticize the Anglo-American conception of Trieste's independence as an attempt to establish an undemocratic dictatorship denying the Triestines even access to free trade with the neighboring hinterland. This will doubtless be the prelude to an acrimonious debate over what constitutes democracy. The real merits of the issue are likely to be wholly obscured.

*AYLMER VALLANCE is a staff contributor and regular London correspondent for* The Nation.

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Ernest Bevin's arrival in Paris has not improved matters. The harshly worded British reply to Yugoslav complaints about the treatment of Slovene nationals, followed by the American "ultimatum" on the subject of the forced-down airplanes, has created an atmosphere of heightened tension in Paris. The crisis is not regarded in London with exaggerated alarm. It is believed here that the Yugoslavs will release the airmen with assurances that there will be no repetition of these high-handed tactics of the Yugoslav airforce. It is not believed that the American chiefs of staff would select the European theater for a military clash ultimately involving Russia. Paris opinion, however, which is endorsed here, assumes that the latest exchanges of diplomatic incivilities have rendered the chances for a settlement of the Trieste question increasingly remote. Slav suspicion of Anglo-American intentions are bound to be increased by Evatt's proposal that the free territory be subordinate not to the Security Council (on which the Russian veto could operate) but to a committee which a simple majority, obtainable by the Anglo-American bloc, would control.

Altogether, the conference, as seen from here, is deadlocked before the practical discussions of issues of substance have even begun.

# *We're Building a Fascist China*

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

SHORTLY after General George Marshall left for China last year, an American army officer of long experience in that country, said to me: "Marshall can do nothing so long as Chiang Kai-shek is in power. Chiang is the fountain-head of all reaction in China, and so long as he remains in power there will be no peace and no democracy." Again after January 10, when different Chinese political parties signed their agreement to establish a coalition democratic government under which both Kuomintang and Communist Party armies were to be amalgamated into a Chinese National Army, that same army officer remarked: "Now look out for skulduggery!"

The skulduggery began before the ink on the January agreement, which was anathema to the Kuomintang right-wing, was dry. Headed by the Generalissimo, Kuomintang reactionaries set in motion a long chain of events which wrecked it by March. According to American authorities returned from China, these reactionaries operated according to a strategic plan in three stages. In the first, or preparatory stage, the democratic movement was to be wiped out—bribed into betrayal, terrorized into silence, or branded as "Communist"—so that the China problem might be sold to America as an outright Kuomintang-Communist conflict for power.

During stage two, Kuomintang armies—by then equipped with American lend-lease and financed by American loans—were to launch a war of extermination against the Communist armies. America was to be drawn into this war in support of the Kuomintang, while Soviet Russia was expected to intervene in support of the Communists. This situation was expected to lead into stage three—war between Russia and the United States, with all China as a battlefield.

During the May conference of the Kuomintang in Nanking, reliable reports quoted Chiang Kai-shek as stating that "we have three more months to prepare, and three months thereafter to finish the Communists."

This strategic plan was first whispered about, then dinned into the all too willing ears of high American officers and American monopolists, until today reactionaries of America and China speak of the "inevitability" of a Russian-American war. Neither Fate nor God is responsible for this plot. It is man-made.

In late July, at the end of his three "preparatory months," the Generalissimo issued final orders for civil war. A copy fell into Communist hands and was delivered to General Marshall who, with our new Ambassador, flew with it to Kuling, to which mountain resort Chiang had gone to give the impression that his subordinates, not he himself, were responsible for what was to come. But civil war began as scheduled.

On August 14, Chiang issued his VJ-Day declaration from Kuling in which he tried to absolve himself and his party from all responsibility for civil war, placing the blame on the Communists. Formally addressed to the Chinese people, that declaration was in reality propaganda directed at America whose guns, money, and recognition are the sole support of his regime.

Consider the following lines in that declaration:

> "War-time legislation restricting civil liberties has been removed and amended. . . . Relief is being given to the famine area. . . . The taxation system has been improved."

On August 13, one day before Chiang's declaration, Mr. Chu Hsueh-fan, one-time ardent Kuomintang member, now president of the Chinese Association of Labor

*AGNES SMEDLEY was active in Chinese politics for ten years and was co-founder with Mme Sun Yat-sen of the Chinese League for Civil Rights. She has written several books on China.*

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(C. A. L.), appealed to world labor for help against government attacks on the labor and democratic movements. Government officials and police, he wired, had just seized C. A. L. offices in many provinces, arrested twenty members, and seized the Workers' Hospital and two welfare centers established in Chungking with A. F. of L. and C. I. O. contributions.

In May the Chinese secret police demolished the newspaper plant of the *Chinfeng Jih Pao,* organ of the Democratic League in Sian, beat up its staff, and shot and left its editor for dead. Mr. Wang Jen, a lawyer who dared take the case to court, was arrested and executed, and a cynical notice published that he had been executed as an opium addict!

What happens to the many democrats who have been kidnaped or who have "disappeared" in the past year?

In May twenty-six professional men in Nantung, a city north of Shanghai, disappeared after disobeying police orders not to testify before the visiting American-Chinese Truce Team. A few days later the corpses of four of the men were dragged from the nearby river. They were trussed up with wire, their eyes had been gouged out, and their bodies had been mutilated. Their names: Sun Tien-ping, editor of the local Kuomintang daily; Ku Hsin-yi, member of the local art academy; Li Tien-tse, of the Chinese Writers Association; and Chien Su-fan, teacher in the Nantung Middle School.

Also in May the police closed down all bookstores and cultural organizations in Canton, while an organized mob demolished two liberal dailies which were branded as "Communist." The two papers had exposed government corruption in UNRRA supplies, tracing one big shipment of relief rice to the Fifty-fourth Kuomintang Army. Another shipment of relief flour arrived in Canton with three hundred bags missing and, when asked to explain, the relief official in charge replied: "A strong wind came up and blew them off the boat into the sea."

After the March plenary session of the Kuomintang had unilaterally altered the January agreement so that neither the Democratic League nor the Communists could accept its decisions, the Kuomintang tried to split the Democratic League by bribing its leaders. As the planned date for civil war drew near and these democrats still refused all bribes, the secret police in Kunming on July 11 assassinated Mr. Lee Kung-po (graduate of Reed College, Portland, Oregon), one of the League's chief leaders and editor of its weekly organ in Kunming. At Mr. Lee's funeral ceremony four days later, Professor Wen I-to, graduate of the University of Chicago and for ten years professor of literature in the American-supported Tsinghwa College, delivered a caustic and heroic speech against the secret police. A few hours later Professor Wen and his elder son were also assassinated. Eleven other Kunming professors, also marked for death, and their families then took refuge in the American Consulate in Kunming.

Following these outrages, thirteen outstanding Chinese professional leaders risked death by cabling the Human Rights Committee of the U. N. in New York, reminding it that the assassins had used American pistols with silencers and that only government secret police were armed with such weapons, given them by the United States Office of Strategic Services.

Generalissimo Chiang's remarks on "taxation improvement" must also be considered against a factual background. In May thousands of peasants in Chiang's home province of Chekiang marched to Hangchow and petitioned the government against three new rice taxes, one of them the government "Food Loan" by which peasants are stripped of grain to feed Kuomintang armies and finance local administrative bureaus.

When the Chekiang peasants, having received no relief, rioted, government troops suppressed the uprising, burned down homes, and executed 150 peasant leaders.

Americans blame such conditions on the Chinese government, but the Chinese people cannot forget that when the Japanese surrendered last year the Kuomintang dictatorship was so weak and so universally hated that it could have been replaced by a democratic government had not America propped it up with guns and money. During the war we armed twenty Kuomintang divisions and thousands of Chinese secret police. Within the past year, however, *forty* Kuomintang divisions have been equipped with our lend-lease. In addition hundreds of bombers and fighters, 231 warships, and open and secret loans said to total some four billion dollars, have been given Chiang's dictatorship. Our planes and ships transported Kuomintang armies to battle stations in the heart of Communist-held territory on the pretext of disarming Japanese. At the present moment six thousand Japanese troops in Shansi Province and thousands of Japanese espionage agents, some of them in Peking, still operate under the command of the Chinese government. On the pretext of keeping the railways open, American marines still occupy Chinese territory.

Reading reports of government gangsterism, assassinations, and corruption, Americans say our government has "blundered," or that General Marshall has been "outwitted." Better-informed people insist that in late 1944, when General Joseph Stilwell was recalled, certain elements in our government and certain financial interests decided to turn China into another Spain, and that General Hurley's resignation did not alter their plans.

We may think that our government has "blundered," but the Chinese people know to their cost that our "blundering" has all been in the direction of reaction. For months now a flood of protests and appeals from Chinese from every strata of society has been pouring into this country, demanding the withdrawal of Amer-

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ican troops and military supplies from China and asking that no more aid be given until there is a coalition democratic government. The Chinese press in China did not dare publish even Madame Sun Yat-sen's statement.

The State Department has now announced that, despite all such appeals, American troops will not be withdrawn from China—a statement which will merely fan the flames of rising anti-American feeling in China. We Americans will be dangerously wrong if we believe Kuomintang propaganda that this rising anti-American feeling is "Communist-inspired." It is universal—and American actions, not Chinese Communists, are responsible for it. On June 26, John Roderick, A. P. correspondent, wrote from Peiping that "American prestige is careening downhill at a rate so precipitous that it will take most drastic action in Washington to curb it." Not only Communists and liberals, he wired, are anti-American, but "bankers and business men generally."

Late in June the noted Chinese military strategist and educator, General Yang Chieh, told a large audience of students and teachers in Kunming that "the new American imperialism" is "trying to put China in its pocket." The Chinese government, he warned, "is not an independent government," but "everything it does is under orders from America." Listing many events to prove his point, the General stated that the Chinese delegates to the U. N. in New York supported American policy toward Spain, though Franco's regime had been the first to recognize Japan's puppets in Manchuria and Nanking.

With our government sitting tight in its support of the most rotten and corrupt of Chinese elements, it is up to the American people to force action. We can put ourselves in the position of the Chinese people by imagining what we would do if foreign troops occupied American soil, and a foreign power, pretending friendship for us, armed and financed an American government of Rankins, Bilbos, Al Capones, and Ku Klux Klansmen. Our own fate is being fought out in China by the Chinese people. Every Chinese patriot, every Chinese democrat, who falls fighting Chinese fascism, weakens our own democratic forces here at home. If we want a reactionary Chinese quisling government, we can continue as we are today. If we want a peaceful and democratic China bound to us by ties of brotherhood and friendship, we can have it by forcing our own government to reverse its China policy, withdraw all its support for the present Kuomintang regime, and allow the Chinese people to deal with it in the same manner as we would deal with a similar outfit in the United States. For us to permit our government to continue its present policy is an infamous betrayal of the Chinese nation and people, and of the American nation and people.

# *Palestine: British-American Dilemma*

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

*London, August 19*

A FEW weeks in Britain, involving endless discussions with British friends on the Palestine issue, make one despair of the possibility of finding adequate solutions for our world problems? One is bound to ask how we shall ever get along with Russia if two nations having as much in common as Britain and America can understand each other so little as they do on this issue.

The primary reaction of Britain to America's attitude on Palestine is one of impatience with what is regarded as our irresponsibility. It is felt that we are quick to give advice but slow to share responsibility. Thus when President Truman did not reject the recent partition scheme out of hand but made counter-proposals, one official said: "It is a relief to have any concrete proposal from America." One is reminded by British friends that the Palestine mandate was originally meant to be jointly held with us and that it was not Britain's fault that we refused. One is told that no American seems willing to consider the embarrassments which British policy faces in the Middle East, though the British are quite willing to admit that some of these embarrassments are caused by contradictory promises to Jews and Arabs. Everyone seems to take it for granted that the offer of joint responsibility has been periodically renewed and rejected. This can only be true if it was secretly done, as it well may have been. My suggestion that Britain was really of two minds on this subject and that in one of its minds it did not really desire joint responsibility was greatly resented, and on one occasion almost broke up a dinner party.

It is of course true that we have never made a public offer of joint responsibility. I have always thought, though my convictions are broadly Zionist, that both Jews and others in America have been mistaken in not insisting that the Palestinian issue be dealt with in terms of a very wide Mediterranean policy, involving economic aid to the Arab world and joint responsibility

*REINHOLD NIEBUHR, a staff contributor of* The Nation, *was a delegate to the Cambridge conference of the World Council of Churches.*

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with Britain for both the economic and political implications of such a policy. We were now finally presented with the suggestion of such a policy, but it was associated with an adequate partition scheme. Counter-proposals may improve the scheme, but one has the uneasy feeling that neither this country nor Britain is ready for the kind of joint action which alone would provide both a solution of the Mediterranean problem and a healing of the breach between us.

The uncomfortable juxtaposition of the British loan and the Palestine issue in Congress some weeks ago was, incidentally, a perfect symbol of the real root of the difficulties between ourselves and Britain. For here one nation was asking economic help of the other, while the other was making political demands upon the first. The economically powerful nation feels politically frustrated, and the nation with world-wide political sovereignties which she is no longer able to sustain economically suffers from the frustration of economic weakness; and each is inclined to hold the other responsible for its ills and to resent the ungenerous character of the aid which each offers in answer to the other's demands.

Undoubtedly both nations share blame for not dealing with these issues, and other similar ones, more imaginatively; but on the whole our blame is certainly greater.

Whatever our sins of omission and commission, they cannot dissuade even a sympathetic observer of British political thought from the most critical reaction to the temper of Britain on Palestine. What I found chiefly offensive in that temper was its high moral tone which, it need hardly be added, is almost always a note of self-righteousness. Thus the King David Hotel bombing, terrible as it was, might well have been considered against the background of the tragic history of recent years with its millions of slaughtered Jews. Instead the only note was one of horror at the outrage. Ever increasing severity in the measures of suppression in Palestine are accompanied by pious lectures on the necessity of maintaining law and order. They reminded me of similar lectures by President Hoover, when he trained machine guns on demonstrating ex-servicemen whom the depression brought to penury. It is all very well to affirm that it is the business of a government to govern. But a democratic government might remember that widespread disaffection is not cured by the increase of force; and that the use of such a prescription leads down a very slippery slope.

I have found it equally disquieting that the strategic considerations involved in the Palestine issue are never mentioned, or hardly ever. Winston Churchill blurted them out in the House, when he declared that the government would not be so embarrassed about Palestine if it had not given up its bases in Egypt. R. H. S. Crossman dealt with these issues more responsibly from the Labor side. But the public discussion seldom takes them into account. Crossman, incidentally, a member of the Joint Commission on Palestine, has illumined the issues with great sincerity and wisdom. One is bound to report, however, that his was a very lone voice in the Parliamentary debates. While his position is supported in some Labor circles, it had the feeling that the support was not much larger in the nation than in Parliament.

It is of course no peculiarly British vice to cover political strategy with moral pretension. In so far as it is distinctive, the English-speaking peoples share it. The British left is, for instance, properly critical of the fact that progressive opinion in America does not challenge our moral pretensions in China more vigorously. There is full appreciation of the sincerity and the ability of General Marshall's policy. But the policy has failed and we seem embarked upon a course of giving increasingly dubious backing to an increasingly reactionary Chinese government—all in the name of saving China from civil war. If, say our British friends, the reactionary forces behind Chiang Kai-shek were not so sure of our support, would they dare to be so stubborn?

But we are, for the moment, dealing with Palestine and not China; and one further charge must be brought against British policy. The Labor government has recalled scarcely a single colonial official from the Middle East, and the alliance between British officialdom and Arab feudalism remains unbroken. There is little suggestion in public discussion of the rather sorry realities of the Arab world: the monopoly of "opinion" which is held in it by the overlords, the virtual absence of a middle class, and the miserable and abject poverty of the masses. It is not suggested that a Labor government could quickly change these realities; but it might at least have considered what kind of contribution a dynamic, technical, and democratic Jewish civilization, with solid ground to stand on, could make to the economic life of the Middle East. It might also have refrained from overrating the military potential of the Arab states, more particularly since British officers are in fairly intimate contact with the military strength of this world.

These lines are written before the character of President Truman's counter-proposals are known. There is, I think, a fairly general disposition to go pretty far in making American proposals; and the situation may not appear as hopeless a few weeks hence as it does at the present moment. But the chasm between ourselves and the British on this issue is positively frightening. It forces one to wonder how we can ever establish such organs of intercommunication between nations as would be commensurate with the organs of power which they wield and which make their relations to each other ever more intricate, and the consequent frictions ever more intolerable.

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# *The Mystery of Big Jim*

BY NEIL O. DAVIS

IN ONE sense, at least, Alabama next January will have the "biggest" governor in the union—oversized James E. "Big Jim" Folsom, six feet, eight inches of vote-getting young politician. But whether Folsom will be a big man in other respects remains to be seen.

One thing is certain: Big Jim *believes* he is just what the doctor ordered for Alabama. Without any show of conceit, he is quick to tell you that it will take him only the first year or two of his four-year administration to bring "peace, happiness, and prosperity" to every man, woman, and child in Alabama. This thirty-seven-year-old, Cullman insurance salesman is the most confident governor-elect modern Alabama has ever known. His friends tell him he will be called upon to grapple with mountain-size problems once he takes office, but their forebodings have not yet changed his infectious smile to a frown, nor stemmed that stream of small talk which so endeared him to Alabama's voters that they swept him into office with a whopping 60,000 majority.

Big Jim is a plugger. He is not easily discouraged.

He made his first bid for major political office in 1936 when, without success, he opposed the late Representative Henry B. Steagall for the Third Alabama District seat in Congress. He conducted a rather mild, back-slapping campaign. He made no claim to be the liberal candidate, and was soundly defeated. He tried again for Congress in 1938 and ran a poor third. Undaunted, he next sought the governorship and this time surprised everyone by coming in second in the race which saw the nomination of Governor Chauncey Sparks.

Shortly after that campaign he entered the army under the Volunteer Officer Candidate training program but was discharged in 1944 when his wife died following the birth of their second daughter. He made one Atlantic crossing as a member of the Merchant Marine and then came home to run for delegate-at-large to the 1944 Democratic National Convention. He captured one of the four places with ease on the promise that he would work for a fourth-term nomination for President Roosevelt. What he did not tell the voters was that he would also work for the renomination of Vice President Henry A. Wallace. Folsom was one of only two members of the twenty-two man Alabama delegation who voted for Wallace. The rest sought the nomination of the late Senator John H. Bankhead. During the recent gubernatorial campaign his opponents charged that this was a first bid for the C. I. O.-P. A. C. support which he received in the 1946 campaign.

*NEIL O. DAVIS, a former Nieman fellow, is editor of the* Lee County Bulletin, *Auburn, Alabama.*

This past spring and summer when Big Jim told his campaign audiences about the old fashioned way of cooking turnip greens and pot liquor, he knew what he was talking about. He was born on a small farm in South Alabama and spent much of his boyhood chopping cotton and shaking peanuts. He had an early introduction to politics, for his father served Coffee County, Alabama, as both tax collector and sheriff.

Jim finished high school and entered the State University in Tuscaloosa, but before his freshman year was over, his funds were gone and he had to drop out. A year later he spent two years at Howard College, a small Baptist school in Birmingham, but again his money ran out and again he was forced to quit school, this time for good. That was in 1931; for the next two years he went to sea as a merchant seaman.

In 1933 Big Jim returned to Alabama and found a county job with the Alabama Relief Administration. His supporters say it was in this work that he developed real traits of human sympathy and a social consciousness. He went to Washington in early 1936 and worked several months for WPA, but he resigned to come home and marry his childhood sweetheart and make his first unsuccessful race against Representative Steagall.

Following his two unsuccessful tries for Congress, Folsom moved to Cullman, in the northern part of the state, and began selling insurance for a small company that had been founded in his home county. He still operates an insurance agency in Cullman.

Folsom offered an entirely new campaign appeal when he took the stump early in the past spring. With the assistance of the "Strawberry Pickers"—a string band playing catchy hillbilly tunes, a sound truck, and a new line of homespun philosophy, Big Jim took to nearly every crossroads and hamlet in Alabama his promise of "a new day for the common man." In his 350 campaign speeches he promised to run the politicians out of the state capitol and turn the government back to the people. He promised $50-a-month old age pensions before 1951, the paving of every farm-to-market road in Alabama, an $1800 minimum salary for public school teachers, a new constitution to replace the state's present outworn one, poll tax repeal, reapportionment of representation in the legislature, and aid to farmers and small businessmen.

However, Jim Folsom never talked very much about

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his platform. As a matter of fact, he often said, "We really have no platform only a program for the people." Sometimes he seemed to say anything that popped into his mind, such as "We ought to get rid of this excess-profits tax." He generalized about the things he proposed to do, never said how he would do them. His pension plan alone, if Alabama had to bear the whole cost, would require three-fourths of the state's annual income. His farm-to-market road-paving program would require more than a billion dollars. He did not say where the money will come from to finance any of his proposals. On several occasions, though, he did suggest that if the British loan could be defeated, there would be enough money saved to pay the pensions and pave the roads. He never said which constitutional provisions he would throw into the discard, which he would rewrite, or whether there would be any specific new provisions.

Folsom did say he would ask for repeal of the poll tax. He did not, however, emphasize that point. In fact, many people who voted for him do not even now realize that he opposes the poll tax.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Governor Handy Ellis, Folsom's run-off opponent, painstakingly outlined his platform from one end of the state to the other, and told how he planned to accomplish his program for "a greater Alabama."

How did Big Jim beat him? Everything about Folsom's campaign captured the fancy and the imagination of the people. He had no county campaign committees or county chairmen; as he told his audiences, his was a "people's campaign." Only once during the race did he have a local bigwig introduce him from the platform. He appeared to be lone-wolfing it. But as a result his four opponents paid him little attention in the first primary, while they slugged it out with each other for a second try in the run-off. The politicians had the race doped out to see Handy Ellis and State Agriculture Commissioner Joe Poole in the run-off. These two called one another every name in the book; they reserved none of the epithets for Folsom. The result was that they knocked each other out, and Big Jim coasted into first place by a neat plurality.

By this time the snowball was rolling. People sensed victory for the young man with the big feet, hearty laugh, and homey manner, and they began to climb on the bandwagon. The only question in the run-off was the size of the Folsom margin. It was more than 60,000 votes, the largest ever given a candidate in Alabama.

Jim is a fine-looking, black-thatched man who can talk two hours without once making the mistake of telling people what they don't want to hear. The voters were tired of war and post-war problems—so Jim told them about how he was their only friend in the race, and how he was going to fashion an era of real peace, happiness, and plenty for all. He said it was simple. All you had to do was clean out the old-line politicians and run the state government as a servant of the people. Then he would tell them, with demonstrations, how his poor old mother washed turnip greens. Next he would call on the "Strawberry Pickers" for a catchy tune. There would be some more talk about his desire to serve the common man. Then Jim would hold high his corn-shuck mop, which he promised to use in cleaning out the capitol, while the "suds bucket" was passed around for campaign funds to make this cleanup possible. Then the show was over except for a round of kissing all the girls in the audience amid laughing and thigh-slapping by the male members of the throngs which gathered wherever he spoke.

*Big Jim Folsom* Seligson

It is a mistake to say that the C. I. O.-P. A. C. put him over; P. A. C. had very little to do with it. The masses of Alabama voters are still anti-labor. Folsom ran strongest in the backwoods, rural, non-union counties where there has been no political education. In the first primary he failed to carry the big cities—Birmingham, Mobile, and Montgomery. Representative Luther Patrick, C. I. O.-P. A. C. endorsed, lost in Jefferson County, while Folsom won there in the second primary.

The liberal-progressives in Alabama did not nominate Folsom. They were split. A number of enlightened progressives supported Ellis because of the doubts and fears raised by the Folsom candidacy and because of Ellis's strong record in support of public education.

Included in the small circle which tried to help Folsom map campaign strategy (he master-minded his own campaign, in the main) were men of varying shades of political opinion and interests. At one extreme was Horace Wilkinson, race baiter, corporation lawyer, and brilliant political strategist of Birmingham, whose enemies claim that he is an old-time Ku Kluxer (though they have never proved the charge). Undoubtedly, he taught Big Jim plenty about the business of conducting a successful state-wide campaign. He is an old hand at gathering votes. At the other end were such intelligent, capable, earnest liberals as Gould Beech, young editor of *The Southern Farmer*. Beech traveled with Folsom during the run-off and wrote many of his speeches and statements to the press. But such supporters as Beech say: "Jim made his own decisions and ran his own campaign."

The big guy ran first because he is a genius at know-

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ing the mind of the people, and because he diagnosed as none of the other candidates did the hopes and aspirations of the small farmer, the country storekeepers, the rural school teachers, the thousands of workers. He knew the people were tired, restive, and wanted a change. He knew that the people were sick and tired of domination by the old-line politicians. Folsom realized that plain homey talk about government "by all the people" instead of by a few political hacksters would ring the bell. His promise of a "break for the common man" had much the same tremendous pulling power as did Huey Long's "Every Man a King" slogan.

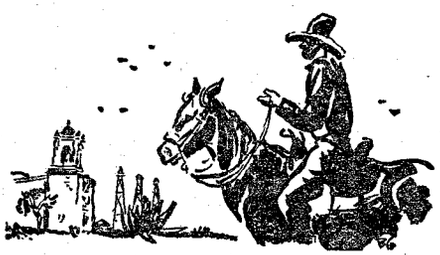
The liberals who supported Folsom believe he feels genuine concern for the little man. They think he believes he can make good on the majority of his ambitious promises and is, therefore, honest. Supporters like Wilkinson, on the other hand, evidently believe that Folsom made the promises he did and talked so much about the common man simply to get votes, and that he will be amenable to their suggestions once he sits in the governor's chair. There can be no doubt but that there will be a gigantic behind-the-scenes tug of war between these two sets of backers once he is in office.

Folsom is lacking in experience which would equip him to deal with the affairs of state government. He has a good heart, but his chances are questionable of succeeding in measuring up to the hopes and expectations of the people who drove out the old gang and turned to a man in whom they believe.

Folsom will need all the help he can get. Practically all the enlightened newspapers (as well as the unenlightened) supported Handy Ellis in the run-off. Whether Big Jim will seek their support and that of other right-minded groups who opposed him in trying to carry through a people's program remains to be seen. The legislature is already nominated and it is an Ellis legislature; there are signs that a "Stop Folsom" movement is already underway in its ranks. The vested political interests are already seeking a way to the governor, and if, when the legislature meets and the going gets rough, Big Jim turns to Horace Wilkinson and his cohorts, who admittedly are masters at dealing with legislators, everything that has been gained by the people's victory at the polls will be lost.

Much, practically everything, will depend upon who has Folsom's ear.

Thoughtful, progressive Alabamans are worried but hopeful. One factor in which they find considerable encouragement is the congenial working relationship Folsom will have with Senator Lister Hill and Senator-Designate John Sparkman. Forward-looking people will give Folsom all the effective support they can, and that will help. "He will have to proceed to be governor intuitively, by ear," they say. "That means he must have men about him who can tell him the best thing to do. No one knows who these men will be." They are not ready to make any forecast on what is in store with Jim in the driver's seat.



# *Small-Town America*

BY ALDEN STEVENS

## VI. Wharton, Texas

THE last hanging in the town square at Wharton, home of the White Man's Union, took place in 1904. The finest monument now in the square is a white limestone cenotaph honoring Sheriff Hamilton Dickson, shot by a cornered outlaw in 1894. Following the "zoot suit" riots in Los Angeles and elsewhere, men said to be deputies of Sheriff "Buckshot" Lane stood on Wharton street corners armed with knives and slashed yellow checks and green stripes from young Negroes as they passed. When, many years ago, a group of men opposed to the construction of a new courthouse rode off to get a federal injunction against it, a Whartonian politico who controlled a large group of Negroes blew his shrill, distinctive horn to assemble his gang and ordered them to move the county records and files into his back shed. Then, also under orders, they swarmed like locusts over the old courthouse and in one day left the town square level and neat as a pin. "They did everything but plant grass," says one who watched. When the opposition got back there was no doubt about it—Wharton needed a new courthouse.

These events are among the more interesting in Wharton's history. Immortalized by native son Horton Foote in a Broadway play that drew critical acclaim, it is exactly what Foote called his play—a "Texas Town." But it is an east Texas town, and that is very different from the cattle communities of west Texas populated with ten gallon hats and galloping cow ponies. East Texas has been touched by the roughness and decisiveness of the old west, but culturally it is an extension of the old South. The town's leading citizens live in white houses, drink mint juleps, play bridge, and support the White Man's Union. The Negroes live on the other side

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of the Texas and New Orleans tracks and are not part of Wharton.

The White Man's Union is generally regarded as Wharton County's greatest contribution to political science. Mr. J. C. Armstrong, a great, white-haired man who came to Wharton in 1882 told me about its formation.

"When I came here there were still Nigras in office from the Reconstruction period," he said. "One of 'em was county treasurer, and three out of four county commissioners were Nigras. Lots of 'em were justices of the peace. They had the same situation up in Big Bend County north of here. I forget if it was 1892 or 1894 when a bunch of men got together up in Richmond, Texas, and organized the White Man's Union Association.

"Only white residents of the county can belong. By gentleman's agreement, association candidates will not be opposed in the election. The White Man's Union votes downstairs in the courthouse and the regular state primary goes on upstairs."

In practice, only the White Man's Union primary is considered important, the other being pretty much a formality. The Negro office holders were ousted in the first election and have never come back. The union carries on, undaunted by the Supreme Court except that its activities have recently been restricted to county offices.

Mr. Armstrong says the White Man's Union is just as it was when it was organized, except that a few years ago a large sulphur company tried to win an election by running their large numbers of easily-intimidated Mexican workers through the voting chute. The union, a flexible organization designed to meet any emergency, was unruffled. It calmly changed its rules. Mexicans, starting forthwith, could not be members. Naturally, the sulphur company lost.

Wharton is a hot, flat town on the banks of Texas's Colorado River. It has a prosperous appearance except for the Mexican quarter and the Negro quarter across the tracks. It is square and neat and paved and has many churches. In Rugley's drug store well-dressed men and women sip cokes and make small talk. Into Al Foote's haberdashery come both whites and Negroes for a joke and a pair of socks or a hat. Al, keen and good-natured, always a leading citizen, won great favor with the town's Negroes when he cancelled unpaid bills for zoot suits destroyed by knives in the town square.

On hot Saturday nights the main business street leading into the town square is jammed with a mixed crowd. The Bohemian farmers, blond, industrious, and cheery, who are working themselves from tenancy to land ownership by main force, mix with Mexicans who work in sulphur or follow the crops, and with the town's many Negroes. Some think the town's record of good race relations (that is, no riots and few lynchings) can't last forever. The caste system here is too involved. Many whites consider Mexicans lower than Negroes. And some of the older Southern white families, whose men have never really worked and whose women have never lifted a hand to do anything more strenuous than eat, are aghast at the Bohemian women, who work long and hard beside their men in the fields without even the careful distinction between male and female duties which is adhered to by the Negroes. Bohemians, they say, are really the lowest of all.

It is a very Southern town. It is the sort of community where a large plantation owner cannot understand his eighteen-year-old son's desire to get married when "he can have any nigger on the place for two bits!" It's in a county where a grand old lady who has spent much time abroad avoids a nearby Negro settlement because so many of the children have features amazingly like her husband's. When war jobs and army allotments dried up the traditionally plentiful supply of household labor, and some Negro women took it easy at home and saw more of their children for the first time in their lives, it was suggested by some of Wharton's outraged and abandoned white ladies that Buckshot Lane ought to go out and bring them in to work. If they refused to come, it was agreed, then Buckshot ought to take and horsewhip them.

Whites say they accept full responsibility for Negroes who work for them. By this they mean that so long as their workers do as they're told and make no trouble, they can count on a bare living, a roof (it may leak), a minimum of medical care, and a small supply of old clothing. When, after the Beaumont race riots early in the war, Negroes in Wharton were dubious about going on with a planned celebration of Emancipation Day, Sheriff Lane adhered to this tradition of responsibility by telling them to go ahead with it, saying he would guarantee protection in case of trouble. They went ahead, and there was no trouble.

The Wharton *Spectator* carried not a single foreign item on the front page while we were there, and the Wharton *Journal* can't brag of its overseas coverage either. Most people in Wharton think little about what goes on abroad, are uninterested in the U. N., and don't believe in labor unions. Yet before the death of OPA many of the town's merchants telegraphed petitions signed by themselves and their customers, pleading for the preservation of OPA without change.

Wharton, generally speaking, is pleased with itself, with its clean, prosperous air and its white courthouse surrounded by green grass and shrubs. It is pleased with the sleek-surrounding farmland and with the enormous stockpile of sulphur pumped from under the earth and standing there to be shown proudly to visitors. And, of course, there is always the White Man's Union.

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## A Historian's Politics

*AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING, 1932-1940: A STUDY IN RESPONSIBILITIES.* By Charles A. Beard. Yale University Press. $4.

THE title of Dr. Beard's new book is misleading if it makes anyone expect an account of the forces shaping United States foreign policy between 1932 and 1940. The preface tries to put it more precisely: "This volume deals with public statements of foreign policy (1932-1940), not with pronouncements on international morality, or with secret negotiations, offers, and promises in foreign affairs." But this is misleading, too. Broad sections of United States foreign policy, such as the Good Neighbor policy, are hardly mentioned.

The book really is an examination of "the thesis that locates in the United States the responsibility for the policy that eventuated in World War II"—a thesis whose sources are never very systematically investigated but which, Beard implies, was invented and disseminated by persons favoring an internationalist policy. The first two chapters, appraising this hypothesis with respect to the League of Nations, question whether either a small bloc of Senators or the American people as a whole brought about a second world war by refusing to follow through on Wilson's plan for world peace. Beard then sets out to "test the validity of the thesis of popular responsibility" as it has been applied to the period from 1933 to 1940.

The internationalist thesis, he writes, has created the picture of public opinion during the Roosevelt administration insisting on a policy of isolationism, of Roosevelt and Hull endeavoring to put over an internationalist policy, and of public opinion, misled by the isolationists, sabotaging that effort. The isolationists, according to the thesis, lulled the country into a false sense of security and so "must bear the responsibility for the progress of aggressors in Europe and Asia which finally and inevitably 'drew' the United States into the war in spite of President Roosevelt's warnings and his efforts to maintain peace."

This general problem is set forth in the third chapter, "Problems Posed by Charges of War Guilt," which is billed in the preface as describing the "nature and limitations of this work." The remaining seven chapters consist of a straightforward compilation of public statements by Roosevelt bearing upon the large general issues of internationalism and isolationism. The last chapter recites the peace promises made by Roosevelt and Willkie in the 1940 campaign and, without further philosophy or morals, the book comes to an abrupt end.

In terms of its ostensible historical purpose, the book is surely weak. What does Beard mean by foreign policy? He says in his most explicit statement, "Policy is a definite design which has meaning in the concrete terms of the actions necessarily signified and conveys to common understanding the practical purport of the language used in expressing it." If this means what, after due meditation, I think it means, Beard tends to regard foreign policy as essentially a matter of words and not of operations. Now any serious historian, or experienced politician, knows that public statements bear the same relation to foreign policy that the visible part of an iceberg bears to its concealed bulk. This is not the result of the special iniquity of the Roosevelt administration; it is true of all governments anywhere. The thing that matters in foreign relations is what governments do, not what they say. An examination of "foreign policy in the making" which confines itself to citations of public record is drastically inadequate. The thesis Beard sets up for attack simply cannot be tested by such a limited range of materials.

A second point—equally familiar to the serious historian and the experienced politician—is that foreign policy is not made in a vacuum, and that the policy maker in his public pronouncements does not have quite the same freedom as the scholar in the library. This condition also existed before Roosevelt became president or Willkie became candidate and, though disappointing to idealists, it can hardly be ascribed to any specific internationalist depravity.

These defects in method impair the value of Dr. Beard's book as historical inquiry. They are points, moreover, on which no one can presume the need of instructing Dr. Beard; and the question inevitably arises whether the book should be considered as historical inquiry. What, after all, is Beard arguing? That Roosevelt's foreign policy was often confused, impulsive, disingenuous? That official rhetoric in a democracy often turns out to be "campaign oratory"? What serious student would dispute these things?

Indeed, Beard is hardly arguing against serious students. Professor Bailey comes in for a few raps in the discussion of Versailles; but the main foes thereafter turn out to be Senator Pepper and the State Department. It would be naive to regard Pepper's speeches or the State Department's thoroughly tendentious "Peace and War" as serious historical accounts, and Beard is not that naive. They are political documents. After noting Beard's somewhat cavalier attitude toward historical method, one must conclude that for all its scholarly wrappings "American Foreign Policy in the Making" is a political document too.

Since no one in the trade has argued more eloquently than Dr. Beard that objective history is impossible, we may assume that the factual manner of this work is not to be taken too seriously. Indeed, Beard, the philosopher of history, would require us to search skeptically for the premises and conclusions of Beard, the historian. Occasionally in this book the deadpan slips, and we catch a glimpse of the author's own convictions, as when he points out that in 1934 "I came to the conclusion that the Roosevelt administration would eventually involve the United States in a war with Japan" (which is, I suppose, one way of describing Pearl Harbor). But

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throughout most of the book the air of objectivity is bravely sustained.

Fortunately it is not necessary to read between the lines, since Beard's position on these matters, like Roosevelt's, is largely a matter of record. "American Foreign Policy in the Making" points out that Roosevelt was inconsistent; it never says explicitly that he was mistaken. But is not error, rather than inconsistency, Beard's suppressed major premise? For Beard certainly thought Roosevelt was mistaken in 1939 when he wrote "Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels." He thought so in 1940 when he wrote "A Foreign Policy for America" in support of the policy of "continentalism" (which he now, more frankly, calls isolationism). He thought so when he assailed "Wilson's scheme for permanent and open participation in European and Asiatic affairs in the alleged interest of universal peace and general welfare," and called on Roosevelt "to abstain from denouncing and abusing foreign States." He thought so in 1941 when he went down to Washington to testify against the lend-lease bill.

Beard's subtitle for his new book is "A Study in Responsibilities." Among other responsibilities he might have considered are those about which he has written powerfully elsewhere—the responsibilities of the historian to acknowledge his basic presuppositions. (This is not to speak of the responsibility of a great and deservedly influential scholar to the many persons, particularly college students, who were affected by his pre-war isolationism.) Are we to infer from "American Foreign Policy in the Making" that Beard sticks by his isolationism? That he seriously believes in 1946 that the maintenance of strict neutrality in 1940 "would favor, not hinder, the coming of peace"? That he still regrets the passage of the lend-lease bill? On this type of question, which Beard has elsewhere taught us is the fundamental type of question to ask when reading historians, his new book is silent and evasive. An obligation attached to his isolationist activity in 1941, one would think, would be to cast the balance of the competing policies today, instead of writing a book which hides Beard the publicist's own beliefs and seeks instead to discredit his opponent by convicting him of sins which Beard the historian knows to be largely irrelevant. This is work for Flynn, O'Donnell, Chamberlain, not for Charles A. Beard. You can prove that any democratic leader was opportunistic. The significant thing is to prove that he was wrong.

Another responsibility which the Yale University Press might have spent five minutes considering is the problem of the title and the jacket. The title is manifestly deceptive. As for the jacket, it raises a number of fundamental questions about the bearing of official pronouncements on the actual conduct of foreign affairs and the feasibility of popular control over foreign policy. It even says, "Does membership in the United Nations Organization itself determine American foreign policy and render obsolete the historic relations of the United States to the other powers of the world?" These are doubtless fascinating questions, but the book does not happen to discuss them. The Yale Press's exercise in promotional sleight-of-hand is really more blatant than anything Beard can pin on Roosevelt or Willkie.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

# An Academic Bohemia

*THE LITTLE MAGAZINE: A HISTORY AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY.* By Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich. Princeton University Press. $3.75.

MR. HOFFMAN and Mr. Allen have taken a first-class subject and produced a result that may compassionately be termed third-rate. This study of the "little" magazines, the first full-length account to appear, should offer illumination of a sort to those who have never looked at, subscribed to, read, or written for them. Probably the chief distinction of the book, concerned as it is with the magazines that first expounded every advanced idea and technical innovation of the last thirty years, is that its authors should sound as though they had just returned, rather limply, from red-pencilling a C plus on a theme about freshman hazing. When they rally from this state, they approach their subject with all the undiscriminating enthusiasm of a phrenologist for cranial irregularities.

To put one's finger on the places Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Allen go wrong would entail a wearisome pointing at page after page. Without any general theories of culture, fresh or borrowed, to give meaning to their sequence of events, the careers of the magazines they chronicle with varying degrees of thoroughness but with a steady naiveté—*Poetry, Blast, The Little Review, The Criterion, This Quarter, The Dial, Hound and Horn, Partisan Review,* and all the others —are only interesting phenomena. A good many muffin-headed notions about *avant-garde* publications are weighed here and found decidedly worth keeping. The impulse behind the origins of the little magazine in English (the authors have patriotically restricted themselves to periodicals in this tongue) was one symptom of the cultural lag that slowed down the importation of "modern" nineteenth century attitudes, of which the most heroic exponents were Flaubert, Rimbaud, and Baudelaire. (Hoffman and Allen have a reference to Rimbaud—as a contributor to Mr. Laughlin's Poet of the Month series.) Other predecessors, here at home, were Henry James and Henry Adams, with their lips curled at the mention of local editorial opinion. But Hoffman and Allen give us, instead of roots and continuity, the familiar introductory story of Harriet Monroe, in 1912, brooding about *Poetry* in Chicago, an intent modernist Adam. They can later enlist their gifts as goggled tourists to string together the following set of words: "[*Poetry*] carries on today with the same high spirit and intelligence that has made its past record so brilliant."

The authors have gifts for relieving a reader's irritation with even finer comic touches. I would not willingly keep back these few examples, among their best:

> The poet's trumpeting for a political and military cause may very well improve the quality of radio and cinema fare.
>
> Indeed, there is much truth in Pearl Buck's observation that our literature has always been regional . . .
>
> The poetry of Herbert Read has always been a credit to left-wing literature.

If "The Little Magazine" were merely a foolish or ac-

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curately academic affair, it would be easy to be merely unkind. But Hoffman and Allen have not even exploited the meagre source material available. They have remained undefiled by the spirit of such lively personal accounts as those of Pound, Wyndham Lewis, McAlmon, Cowley, Margaret Anderson, and Ford Madox Ford. Some of these, along with pieces that are first-rate contributions, by Ford, Clement Greenberg, and Parker Tyler, are not even included in their list of sources. (Pound's article on the little magazine, in *The English Journal,* tells more in six pages than our present historians do in 230.) Their vigorously affirmative attitude toward errors has made possible, on page 208, the compilation of a charming little treasury. They deftly manage to misspell the name of Lincoln Kirstein's novel, remark that *"The Hound and Horn* did not discover any noteworthy writers," thus confidently settling the hash of James Agee, and refer to a mysterious *Hound and Horn* contributor named "Ellery Larsson." Going on the reasonably safe assumption that this is not Ellery Queen, I take it to be Raymond E. F. Larsson in one of his frequent appellative rearrangements; but with Hoffman and Allen one is never sure.

Their method of historical sequence, combined with a tasteless eclecticism—the editor of *The Midland,* John T. Frederick, gets more searching attention than T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, and F. M. Ford as editors, combined—can only result in disconnected accounts of "tendencies" and the destinies of individual magazines. The "changes" thus revealed are mere links in the "progress" of literature. This may enchant progress-enthusiasts, who are welcome to their enchantment. Unmentioned, and perhaps unmentionable, is the key issue of bohemianism, which provided the main scaffolding for the little magazine, and bohemianism's bizarre convolutions from a serious origin to its dead end today in professional bohemianism and the warmed-over *"avant-garde"* productions of—dare one invite the anger of *PM?*—Mr. Patchen. In the same way that a little magazine becomes dull without a program as well as taste and brains—most of those published today serve goulashes of "modernism" and the academic—so does a history of them.

Miss Ulrich is a reliable bibliographer and her section is valuable, reasonably complete, and mainly accurate; its usefulness would have been enhanced by a listing of the number of issues brought out by each magazine. The index, in keeping with the text, is poor. WELDON KEES

## The Medea of the Rocks

*MEDEA, FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.* By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

THIS is an interesting experiment with the "Medea" and a far more successful piece of drama than most versions of Greek plays. As its subtitle suggests, it makes little effort to retain either the dramatic technique, the background, or the tone of Euripides' play when there is any danger of confusing a modern audience or interfering with Jeffers' reading of Medea's situation.

The magnificent choruses of the original play are, for the most part, cut, as are the long, beautifully organized, and, in their own way, highly dramatic narrative speeches. Medea's dragon-drawn chariot is eliminated, and Jeffers' Medea does not, as does Euripides', reveal to the audience beforehand her plan for the murder of Kreon and his daughter. All these changes make the action more "realistic" and, certainly in the introduction of suspense, and perhaps in other respects, make it a cruder play. For the same practical reasons Jeffers has either cut, simplified, or explained the allusions of the play.

He has also made the language extremely colloquial. Some of this is quite successful in its naturalistic way. For instance, the opening lines of the play, in the Loeb Classics translation, read: "Would God that Argo's hull had never flown through those blue clashing rocks to Colchis-land." This is pretty bad, with its poetical "Would God" and "flown," its fumbling, with "Argo's hull," for an idiom which does not exist in English, its pedantic literal translation of "Symplegades," its musical-comedy "Colchis-land." In Warner's fine transliteration these lines read:

> How I wish the Argo never had reached the land
> Of Colchis, skimming through the blue Symplegades . . .

In Jeffers they come out:

> I wish the long ship Argo had never passed that perilous channel between the Symplegades . . .

Poetical effects are almost always added out of Jeffers' own romantic supply:

> I wish the pines that made her mast and her oars still waved in the wind on Mount Pelion, and the great fishhawk
> Still nested in them . . .

The pines and the oars are Euripides' but the waving in the wind and, of course, the fishhawk are Jeffers'.

Just as he has imported the fishhawk, and later on a mare which attacks a stallion, so Jeffers has invented a new meaning for the play. Jason is made into a sort of Rotarian, intent on being practical and crudely successful, and Medea—"She is Asiatic and laments loudly," as a stage direction says—into an exclusively passionate and proudly revengeful woman. Jeffers stresses the purely physical horror of her act, in a way Euripides never does, and stresses his sympathy with it. The result is to destroy what I suppose is the conflict of the play, the clash between the profound Greek respect for normality and Euripides' acute sense of the reality of deep, disturbing passion ("When love is in excess," as the chorus says, "It brings a man no honor"). Jeffers' play has no conflict; it is an exhibition in which Miss Judith Anderson may make the most of Jeffers' romantic nihilism. ARTHUR MIZENER

## The Impressionists and Proust

*PROUST AND PAINTING.* By Maurice Chernowitz. International University Press. $3.75.

THE intimacy with which the arts in France intruded upon and cross-fertilized each other between 1848 and 1914 still appears remarkable. The confusion of the arts against which Lessing warned was here realized on a basis and with results that he could not, of course, have foreseen. For how could he have possibly anticipated that the arts, in

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their isolation from bourgeois public life, would be, "legitimately," driven in upon each other for sustenance?

The basis of this confusion, or fusion, was a community of production and consumption nowhere better exemplified than in the person and work of Marcel Proust. It was the obligation of the French artist of his period to be at home, at least as a consumer, in arts other than the one he himself practiced. Witness therefore, before him, Delacroix's sensitivity to music and literature, Gautier's and Baudelaire's to music and, particularly, to painting.

Proust's familiarity with music and the influence of Wagnerian form upon his great novel have already been dealt with in many an article. But now for what is, as far as I know, the first time, his relations with painting are examined in some detail by Maurice Chernowitz in "Proust and Painting," a conscientious and inevitably provocative, yet pedestrian and over-literal book that, while presenting the essential elements of the question, fails to sift and manipulate these with any real intellectual vigor.

On Mr. Chernowitz's deposition, painting, and especially Impressionism, played an even greater role than music in forming Proust's sensibility and style. If music governed the larger formal aspects of his work, painting seems to have controlled him even more pervasively in the smaller aspects. Proust took in more of the world through his eyes than through his nose, ears, or epidermis. (Compare him in this respect with Joyce, for instance, who seems to have been all ear.) And, as Mr. Chernowitz and others show, the Impressionist pictorial aesthetic influenced his content and such elements of his style as diction and syntax.

The question of syntax is particularly important, for it raises deeper issues. As much as he was influenced by Bergson's ideas, Proust appears to have found the diametrically opposed "metaphysic" of the Impressionist painters equally attractive. (And in so far as it is one of the functions of art to keep contradictions in suspension, unresolved, he was entitled to the inconsistency.) Bergson's "duration" may have justified Proust's notion of "permanent memory" and hence the way in which he fictionally organized the passage of time; yet the attempt, expressed in the delaying syntax of his long sentences, to immobilize and protract the instant by subdividing it infinitely, by spreading and, so to speak, spatializing it, bespeaks the mathematical, atomic, Eleatic materialism of the Impressionists, precisely that "mechanical" materialism against which Bergson argued.

It is in its attitude toward time that the Symbolist and Impressionist aesthetic of the nineteenth century differentiates itself most vividly from that of the Renaissance, Baroque, and Romantic past. Instead of shaping, organizing or elegiacally celebrating the flow of time, as previous art has done, it halts and fixes discrete moments; without faith in the future, without faith in the external reality of the past, it seeks to grasp the instant as if it were all—*"Verweile doch, du bist so schön"*—and treats the past as if it were a bundle of so many underived moments unified only by the identity of the subject who experienced them. In this desire to arrest time and movement in their flight, in his aversion to or incapacity for the dramatic, Proust, it seems to me, was most profoundly of all an Impressionist.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

# The Limits of Refinement

*LOCAL MEASURES.* By Josephine Miles. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

MISS MILES'S talent is that of the virtuoso. Her way with words is brilliant: the control of rhythm, the arrangement of rime and assonance, the answering of stanza to stanza—everything is elaborately and even intensely worked out. And there are unquestionable triumphs: "Flag Level," "Funeral," perhaps "All Hallow," certainly "Denial," strike against the mind with the vigor of true poetry. Yet something is clearly wrong, for these successes are all too infrequent; and it is my impression that the fault lies mainly in the poet's extraordinary preoccupation with technic.

Miss Miles's themes are commonplace enough, but they are developed at a height so rarified that the reader—this reader, at any rate—is left fighting for breath. Nothing is more forbidding than the Perpetual Epigram, the wit that never relaxes. I am not concerned here with obscurity: no one could complain with worse grace that a lyric does not speak with the confiding flatness of Wordsworth's "We Are Seven." A poet has every right to be as enigmatic as he pleases; but his enigmas should attract, like Yeats's in his old age; they should be dynamized somehow—a life, a passion, a compassion—and so tease the reader into speculation and ultimately, one hopes, solution. But Miss Miles's too often repel investigation. *We must not be ordinary,* her verses seem to say, *we must coruscate*—even, perversely, where (as in "Loser," a particularly Eleusinian utterance) coruscation deliberately assumes the guise of Hodge-like awkwardness. It is as though she were perpetually on guard against being found out enjoying something as ignoble as a firmly shaped conviction. And it is, unhappily, possible to refine a poem to death: that is to say, beyond the point of credibility; and when this happens the audience, dazzled by the Czernyan arpeggii and the octave trills, but bored and baffled for all of that, is likely to fold its tents like the Arabs.

DUDLEY FITTS


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## Records

B. H. HAGGIN

FOUR songs from Mahler's cycle "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" are on Columbia's August list, sung by Carol Brice, contralto, with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Reiner (Set X-267; $2.85). They are early works, in which one hears the feeling and idiom that are developed and richly elaborated in the later ones; and those who have the taste for Mahler's music will find them lovely and moving. Miss Brice, when I first heard her at the Museum of Modern Art a few years ago, produced tones of incredible opulence throughout her range with complete ease; now the ease is gone, and with it much of the opulence. The low tones are still voluminous; the high ones are thin and shrill most of the time in the first three of the songs. But in the fourth, where she sings with more freedom and assurance, the low tones are richer, the high ones lovely; and they form phrases that carry more musical and emotional impact. Reiner's excellent orchestral contexts have a stylistic authority that is an additional pleasure in and for itself. The performances are well-reproduced; and both German texts and English translations are provided.

Prokofiev's Sonata Opus 94 for violin and piano, which Szigeti introduced to us a year or two ago, is still another of the works that sound to me as though Prokofiev had set his technical apparatus in motion while he read his mail, dictated to his secretary, took his dog for a run, read the newspapers, and at the end of a morning had a sonata movement to try on the piano. Szigeti has recorded his performance with Leonid Hambro (Set 620; $3.85); and the contrast between the vitality of his playing and the quiet smoothness of Hambro's is exaggerated by recording which makes his playing much louder than Hambro's, and which also makes the sound of his violin a little brash.

Stravinsky's Four Norwegian Moods are sour-sounding and rhythmically involved and pointless Stravinskyan manipulations of simple materials. They are well-performed by the New York Philharmonic under his direction, and the performances are well-reproduced (123-71-D; $1).

A number of opera arias are sung by Bidú Sayao, soprano, with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under Fausto Cleva (Set 612; $4.85). They comprise *Non so piu cosa son* and *Voi che sapete* from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; *Ah! non credea mirarti* from Bellini's "Sonnambula"; the *Roi de Thule* and Jewel Song from "Faust"; Manon's entrance aria and *Adieu, notre petite table* from Massenet's "Manon"; and Mimi's Farewell from Puccini's "La Bohême." Sayao's voice is lovely, and she sings most of the pieces very beautifully; but I find her delivery of the sustained phrases of the Bellini aria excessively mannered, and Cherubino's *Non so piu* is sung with the exaggerated pertness and coyness of Sayao's Susanna. Only brief English summaries are given instead of the texts.

Act I Scene 3 of Wagner's "Walküre" is sung by Helen Traubel and Emery Darcy with the New York Philharmonic under Rodzinski (Set 618; $3.85). Taubel's voice is thin, cold, and tremolo-ridden; and Darcy's is constricted; but the orchestral part is well-performed; and the sound of the orchestra on the records is not only good but properly balanced with the voices. Both German text and English translation are provided; and one can roll on one's tongue such delectable items of Wagnerian dramatic poetry as "Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond, in mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz; auf linden Lüften, leicht and lieblich, Wunder webend er sich wiegt"—almost, but not quite as good as "Schweigt eures Jammers jauchzendes Schwall" in "Die Götterdämmerung."

Now it is Columbia that issues still another recording of Brahms's First Symphony—this one made by Rodzinski with the New York Philharmonic (Set 621; $5.85). It is a fairly straightforward performance, which is well reproduced—though without what would make the tremolos of muted violins under the horn solo in the introduction of the fourth movement distinct.

The tricks that the Don Cossacks do under the direction of Serge Jaroff in the volume "Russian Fair" (Set 619; $4.85) I find it impossible to listen to.

## Films

JAMES AGEE

BRIEF ENCOUNTER," an expansion of a one-act play by Noel Coward, is a story about two decent middle-class people who fall in love outside their marriages and, beset by guilt and unable to stomach the enforced deceit and humiliation, give each other up. It is my impression that the same story, with fancy variations, is told once or twice in every issue of every magazine for housewives—often with a certain amount of sincerity, almost never with enough insight, detachment, style, or moral courage to make it better than wretched. Here, I must grant, there are several tricks of over-artifice and some of ham. But because in this case the story is written, filmed, and acted with a good deal of the positive qualities I mentioned, the picture is both a pleasure to watch as a well controlled piece of work, and deeply touching. Even an unforgivable formula such as the lover's Looking Like A Little Boy when the woman's attentiveness reawakens his idealism, becomes remarkably real when

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Existentialism is not expounded and discussed in musty class-rooms of gloomy universities but mostly in cafes and restaurants that resound with chatter and laughter and are black with the smoke of millions of cigarettes or blue with the echoes of naughty jokes and stories. But here our author, Joseph McCabe, warns us that the founder of Existentialism is a professor of philosophy who maintains that he offers the world at least the crown of 2,000 years of philosophical speculation, a creed of life that will supersede all other creeds and all religions. The founder of Existentialism is an Atheist and emphatically denies that there is any mysticism in his ideas. Existentialism is an Epicurean creed. Existentialism beats Hegel in the intricacy, if not nebulosity, of its patterns of words, and yet it fires the enthusiasm of the gayest crowd that ever followed a philosopher. This certainly adds to its piquancy.

McCabe's THE MEANING OF EXISTENTIALISM contains four chapters, as follows: 1. WHY PARIS BEGOT A NEW PHILOSOPHY. 2. THE ANCESTRY OF THE CREED OF EXISTENTIALISM. 3. THE THEORY OF PROFESSOR SARTRE, FOUNDER OF EXISTENTIALISM. 4. IS ANY PHILOSOPHY NECESSARY?

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it is handled tenderly and cleanly. I particularly like the performances of Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard as the lovers, and the things that are done with their faces and with the various ways they walk, at various stages of the affair. If, in my opinion, the movie at its best suggests merely all that woman's-magazine fiction might be at its own best, that it is not intended as a back-handed compliment. For it seems to me that few writers of supposedly more serious talent even undertake themes as simple and important any more: so that, relatively dinky and sentimental as it is —a sort of vanity-sized "Anna Karenina"—"Brief Encounter" is to be thoroughly respected.

"The Big Sleep" is a violent, smoky cocktail shaken together from most of the printable misdemeanors and some that aren't—one of those Raymond Chandler Specials which puts you, along with the cast, into a state of semi-amnesia through which tough action and reaction drum with something of the nonsensical solace of hard rain on a tin roof. Humphrey Bogart and several proficient minor players keep anchoring it to some sufficient kind of reality. The picture is often brutal and sometimes sinister, and *PM* is probably correct in rating it as a new high in viciousness; but I can't bring myself to mind this sort of viciousness, far less to feel that it shouldn't be shown. I know it's a dream world, and doubtless it stimulates socially undesirable appetites in me and in others, but beside the really bottomless vileness of films like, for instance, "To Each His Own," which walk the streets unchallenged and never even pass a serious medical inspection, it seems to me about as toxic as a package of Tums.

"Two Years Before The Mast" would be fair enough as a piece of straight sea-melodrama. The performance of Howard da Silva as the Captain and the presentation of the claustrophobia that is developed aboard ship—made in wartime, entirely ashore, the film grants few relieving views even of a process wave—are better than fair. What I object to is Paramount's presenting this heavily hopped-up picture of what a merchant seaman was up against, a century ago, as if it were historical fact, vouched for in Richard Henry Dana's book. Dana, if they'd care to tell the truth about it, said that he would have hated to command a crew of that sort unless the law gave him flogging-rights.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" turns Booth Tarkington's story inside-out and dresses Bob Hope in it. Some of it seems to me such rock-bottom Hope formula that whether you yawn or rather wearily laugh depends chiefly on your chance state of mind. Bits of it, however—Hope's reception in the Spanish court, his minuet, and his duel with Joseph Schildkraut—seem funny enough to take anyone, regardless of state of mind. And for what the minor role is worth, Schildkraut understands how to make and control his points, in this sort of

(*Continued on page* 251)

# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## Hillman Memorial

*Dear Sirs*: The Pioneer Youth Campus again stepped into the forefront through the spontaneous efforts of its alert civic-minded campers who were quick to recognize the meaning of the loss of Sidney Hillman who died July 10. At a camp memorial meeting the next day the campers voted to put a memorial plaque on our bell tower. The dedication will be held August 28, to which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. William Killpatrick, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, and Dr. John Dewey have been invited. While Mrs. Hillman is unable to attend, she has arranged for a representative to be present. This will be an occasion to re-emphasize the trade union background and philosophy of Pioneer Youth Camp.

AGNES MORGENTHAU NEWBORG

New York City, August 21

## True Representation

*Dear Sirs*: On matters of racial prejudice the difference between a Southern congressman and a Northern one is that the former's wrong ideas on the Negro are so firm and deep that he cannot act against them, even though he nearly recognizes their absurdity, while the latter, though perhaps holding the wrong ideas almost against his reason, can act for the removal of intolerance through law. Thus, gradually, the evil is controverted and successive generations are corrected in their thinking and behavior. Bilbo is wrong when he obstructs this movement, but so are almost all Southern and many Northern legislators whether they speak their people's minds or not.

It is time to stop execrating Senator Bilbo and to get to work on the American people. Bilbo is probably a more faithful representative of the people than any other man in the Senate; he is a valid part of the conscience, not only of Mississippi, but the United States; he is the spokesman for the evil in us, and we would have a false and misleading legislature if one like him were not in it. How many in the North are without stain of racial prejudice? How many persons reading Bilbo's public addresses must admit that their views are almost identical? Perhaps Bilbo does good in expressing the bad thoughts that are entertained secretly by so many, for under reasonable examination they must disappear.

JOHN ILLO

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., August 7

## Found: A Leader

*Dear Sirs:* I have just read David Lilienthal's profound and amazing Science and Man's Fate in the July 13 issue of *The Nation*. I have also read Samuel Grafton's syndicated column for July 16 in which the current "dark moment," when the "passion of the American people is dormant, waiting for the touch that will arouse it," is cited.

May I nominate Lilienthal as the man who is capable of giving to the now inert mass of liberal and independent voters of our country that "reaffirmation of world accord" of which Grafton speaks, and who is capable of eliciting the "similar reaffirmation" from the Russian people? Lilienthal is the man Grafton is looking for who could "blow the lid off the next elections," assuming that he could have an adequate vehicle of public relations and organization—the man who could express "the silent, aching hope for a future of more peace and dignity, at home and abroad, than now seems to lie ahead of us."

What is needed to set up such a tremendous chain-reaction in the world community at this juncture is for some liberal leader to pass the word quietly from one to another among the various liberal organizations, starting with The Nation Associates. The message of Lilienthal as printed in the current *Nation*, so arranged as to play up the high points of it, would be the truly effective document for the purpose. If a specific national policy is needed, I suggest the economic program presented by Irving Flamm, president of the Lawyers' Guild.

EDWIN S. POTTER

Arden, Del., July 16

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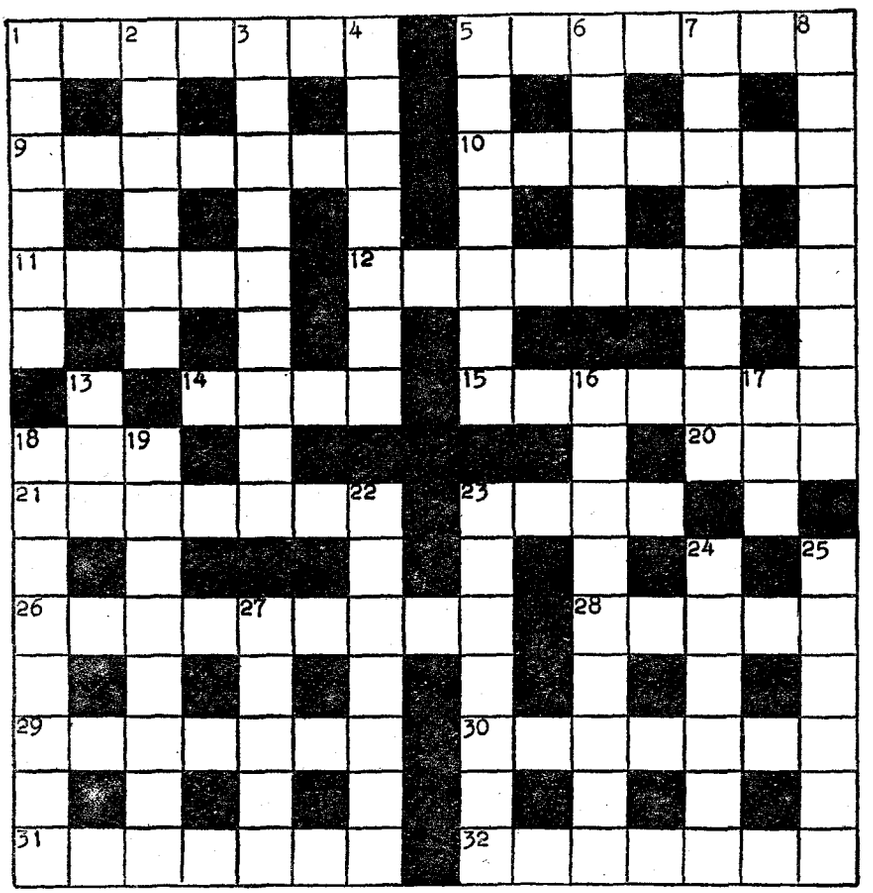
# Crossword Puzzle No. 176

By JACK BARRETT



## ACROSS

1 What the Rising Sun may now be regarded as doing
5 Piece of furniture that is not what you'd think it was
9 We read of him in Genesis XVI, 12
10 Less plentiful
11 A pipe, not a knife
12 To hit back on a horse is of first importance
14 Go on a hunger strike
15 Mullion (anag.)
18 Diogenes went abroad in one
20 She has a sheepish look
21 Red ears gives you a clue to them
23 One Dumas
26 The scrubwoman has a front seat in this motor coach
28 There is a number here
29 Waiting for the word to sail (5 and 2)
30 Something to be imitated — or avoided
31 Ken's rat is strongest smelling
32 Rates on in the Upper House

## DOWN

1 Pain that goes through you like a needle
2 Chief of Pacific Society group
3 No special container required (2, 3 and 4)
4 Got a lip (anag.)
5 Walter's a profligate
6 Not necessary perhaps on Wake Island
7 A musical evening should include this
8 Choke
13 Hugh sounds colorful
16 American author who might have signed his name: X X (4 and 5)
17 Possess, or confess
18 Flies for Free France
19 A vain Arab becomes a German national
22 Rio de Janeiro is the one with the finest harbor
23 Ship-shape parcels
24 A munition dump?
25 Superficial charm
27 Corner fish

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 175

ACROSS:—1 MISPLACE; 5 IMPEND; 10 DROOP; 11 REVOLVERS; 12 ASTRIDE; 13 DEMESNE; 14 ROUGHS; 15 SUNDAYS; 18 RINGLET; 21 EFFIGY; 24 VEHICLE; 26 GIRONDE; 27 STEERSMAN; 28 FLIES; 29 ERASER; 30 BABY FARM.

DOWN:—1 MY DEAR; 2 SHORTHORN; 3 LAPWING; 4 CAREENS; 6 MILKMAN; 7 EWERS; 8 DISPENSE; 9 EVADES; 16 ARGENTINA; 17 CREVASSE; 19 LUCERNE; 20 THERMS; 21 EUGENIA; 22 FIREFLY; 23 JETSAM; 25 HYENA.

(*Continued from page* 250)

show, much better than the star does.

In an elevator the other day—a hell of a place to bring such a thing up—an acquaintance rebuked me for liking "Caesar and Cleopatra." As it turned out, he simply doesn't like the play much, whereas I simply do; and he minded the gaudiness, whereas I still don't; but I found I was close to agreeing with him about Claude Rains. He flatly thought Rains was a ham. I think he is, but has a saving ironic understanding of his hamminess; I also think Shaw's Caesar is, among other things, a conscious ham. Watching Rains again as Caesar, I realize that he plays nearly everything much too broad, to be as right for the role as I had thought. I now think he was adequate, and skillful, and amusing, but in second gear.

I speak of this now partly out of my duty towards myself, my God, and my neighbor, chiefly because I was unable to do anything but mumble about it in the elevator. Ground floor.

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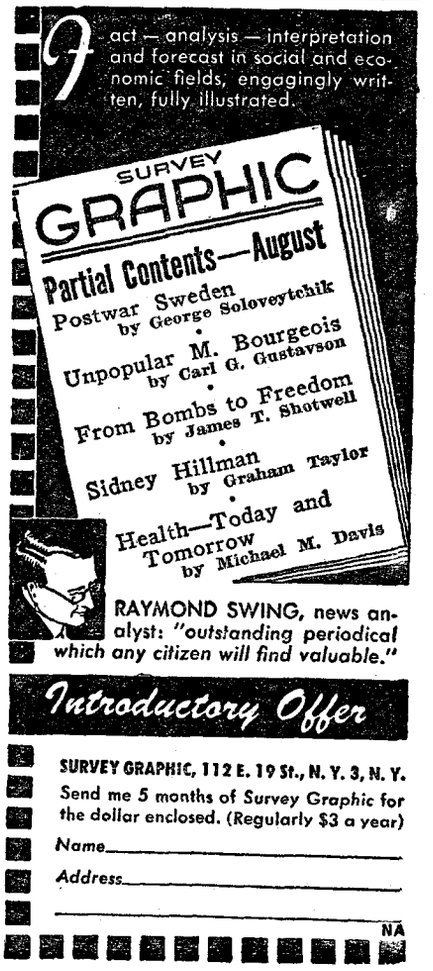
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